

MACLEANS



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10 COLOR PAGES

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The girl who stole \$500,000... and blew it



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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

FEBRUARY, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 2

National Research Council



"What are we doing to human life?" asks NRC scientist J. A. Tanneer.

The alarming mystery of radar waves

ONE OF THE BRIMES of scientific advances is that for every problem the wizards in white solve for us they seem to turn up another, even more puzzling, along the way. Take, for instance, the team the National Research Council at Ottawa put to work on the problem of birds that flock around airports and airplane themselves as jet engines, occasionally taking the engine and the airplane with them.

The researchers appear to have solved that one, to get rid of the birds, they say, by sound waves with radar. A burst of "lightly thermal" radar — in the intensity range of about 40 milliwatts per square centimeter — will cause a bird in a cage to lead over, with one wing paralyzed, within four seconds. An airplane fitted with sensitive radar could sweep a safety corridor for about a mile ahead of itself, the team would cause any bird to tumble out of harm's way before the plane passed, with no permanent damage to bird or plane. The technique has been tried at the US and seems to work, it will be given a field try at Ottawa Airport this spring.

So far, so good. But why does the radar have this effect? It was in pursuit of this question that the scientists were drawn up against what Dr. J. A.

Tanneer, chief of the NRC research team, calls "some rather disquieting implications."

The radar beam is described as "lightly thermal" in intensity with the nervous system, and induces an electric current in the tissue which produces a disorientation of some kind in the animal. A human in the radar path would experience a heat sensation. Something, not yet clearly understood, happens when an intense radar beam hits on living tissue. Any living tissue. Insects confined under the beam were knocked out and eventually killed. Short bursts of radar during the insect's reproductive cycle produced what Dr. Tanneer called "some quite mysterious things — offspring with very little relationship to the adult."

This is not radioactivity, atom bombs or gamma rays, but radar, and radar, after all, is merely a form of electromagnetic radiation, like a microwave signal or a TV transmission. We are bathed every day by an ever-increasing range of electromagnetic signals of varying frequency and intensity. What do they do to us? "Nobody knows," said Dr. Tanneer. "We only know that the assumptions we used to make about the perfect safety of such phenomena have been called into question."

In 1958, the U.S. set an arbitrary safety standard for exposure to electromagnetic radiation at 10 milliwatts per square centimeter over any period of time, and that is far higher than anything we are likely to encounter in the ordinary course of living. Recently, however, the Russians set their own standard, at exactly 1/1000th of the U.S. level, or .01 mW per square centimeter for continuous exposure. According to the Russians, 1 mW is safe for six hours, and 1 mW for 20 minutes. On this scale, ordinary radar is safe enough (you need not fear for your progeny when you are stopped by a police speed trap; you are getting less than 1/100th of the Russian standard), and there's nothing to fear from the beam from a microwave tower. But a man working under a TV transmitter, for instance, could be receiving from 1 to 2 mW and might have cause for concern.

In light of the Russian figures, the Americans have begun a re-examination of their standards, but not enough work has been done yet to permit any conclusions. Just the same, says Dr. Tanneer, the time has come to consider the implications of the ever-present, ever-growing band of signals which are part of today's communications explosion. "We're communicating all right," Dr. Tanneer says, "but what are we doing to adult life, to human life, to the environment?"

He does not suggest that we start turning off our TV sets or radar transmitters, he does suggest though, that we take a new look at the danger we may be losing ourselves in for some day.

"I wouldn't want people to get into a panic over this," he said, "but we ourselves are very alarmed."

WALTER STEWART



Well, at least they'll never call Judy "gutless"

I once went to call on Judy LaMarsh, then Secretary of State, to discuss a story I was doing on Walter Gordon. I carried a list of 14 questions to ask her about Gordon, but, one after another, she refused, politely, to answer them — until I asked why she thought Gordon had allowed himself to be out-maneuvered by Mitchell Sharp at a National Liberal meeting. At that Judy exploded: "You bastards . . . you guys are all alike," and she banged a microphone she was holding down on her desk. I

rose, embarrassment and anger, to leave the room, where suddenly she began to talk about Gordon, and Pearson, and life in Ottawa. She talked for nearly an hour, with only occasional intermissions from me, and she was informative, insightful, vibrant.

Her *Memoirs of a Bird in a Gilded Cage* is like that monologue. This is Judy's story, told on Judy's terms with no questions, no qualifications, and an unapologetic French, alien and colleagues are called up, examined and, for the most part, described with a shrug. Pearson was "glib" Jean Laugel "a weak leader and very vain" Bryce MacIsaac "acted like a fool" Arthur Lang was "unimpaired of a joke with many of his colleagues" Alice MacIsaac was "inconsistent moody and oddly irresponsible" Mitchell Sharp was "probably the worst Minister of Finance of recent years" Robert Watkins had "an understanding whatever of Quebec and very little of modern government" Opposition MPs are let off much more lightly, though Gordon Allen is described as "persecutory".

To let us know what the birds of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, she describes a cocktail meeting at which they quizzed and she described "arrogant but kind" on her note pad while he spoke. Of all the judgments advanced, the most damaging is the one that Pearson was "glib", because while most

of her brand labels are merely tossed off, Judy sets out to prove this one, and the evidence she marshals is impressive. Discounting Pearson's relationship to Guy Fawkes, that tragic figure, she points to revolution, change, and chaos, and while looks very much like cowardice on Pearson's part. If what she says is true, "glibness" is perhaps too mild a word.

And thus has the difficulty for most of us Judy writes from the inside, of things we cannot possibly know, and her judgments are so bitter, but understanding to all, that I would rather trust the character of those who may have known her but guess more. Heretics will do better to read Peter Newman than Judy LaMarsh, her political insight is not that of a Madame de Staël, but of a Dorothy Kilgallen.

There is only one chapter, on the place of women in politics, in which she writes dispassionately, and that calm chapter lends a devastating critique of male arrogance, prejudice and stupidity Judy would like that Pauline Jewett, who would have been an asset to any cabinet, once she heard she would be a place in Pearson's, he told her he already had one woman minister, and that was that. Perhaps it has been a lifetime of this kind of blind stupidity that made Judy so consistently aggressive. I do not know, and her book is an help, what she shows us.

Inspection like the plague. I once asked her if she would describe herself as a lonely person and she growled, "Well yes, most question."

Whatever its origin, Judy's aggressiveness bubbles in full, venomous spouts through her memoirs, and it is clear what could have been the insight of one of the most intelligent politicians of our age to mere gossip — fascinating gossip but gossip nonetheless.

The book is shoddily edited, with spelling errors (not little ones, both Alan MacIsaac and Gordon Allen have their names misspelled), pointless repetitions and bad organization. I have the feeling that no one at MacIsaac and Stewart dared suggest any changes, and from my own experience with Judy, I don't blame them a bit.

WALTER STEWART
Memoirs of a Bird in a Gilded Cage by Judy LaMarsh (MacIsaac and Stewart, \$7.95)

Trudeau's quiet assault on old-style diplomacy

DEBATE MEANINGFUL criticism from the professional pundits and disappointed voters who expected Prime Minister Trudeau to create a new Canada overnight, the new Canada is in the making. Much of the change is behind the scenes where it doesn't show.

The smooth and efficient way that the cabinet now works is not, of course, visible. But ask any cabinet member how fast work gets done, and you'll inevitably hear the same answer: it's not true. Sharp is a man who pulled out of last spring's leadership race and threw his support to Trudeau, and for the PM to reject him now would be an unbelievable act of political repudiation. But the pressure is clearly on the Old Guard, of which External Affairs has been one of the most prominent examples (dismissed talented staff with matching votes, dismissed mid-level at cocktail parties).

Naturally try to defend its role in way of doing things. And Mitchell Sharp, at least on the evidence of his modest speech at the UN and his subsequent handling of the Italian problem, seems certain to align himself with the Old Guard — someone never

two in this field, but it has been achieved in the traditional way: the cerebral read of cocktail parties, where you speak only to other diplomats, or to high government officials of the country where you happen to be posted. The quality of inputs coming back to Canada reflects the limited contacts that traditional diplomats have customarily made. One noteworthy case was in 1986. (And the name of the diplomat does not matter, because he's only one example of a system which is worldwide.) The nation where this man was stationed was on the edge of violent revolution, but none of his reports to Ottawa conveyed any such tidings. It was left to a few overseas to tell the story and the Canadian diplomat reacted their drag is.

It's precisely this kind of situation that Trudeau wants to change. "There will always," he told me, "be a need for diplomats in the traditional style." But he clearly feels that other channels of information should be opened up. In fact, the young men and women who work for the Canadian Covert Service Overseas (CSO) — a privately sponsored volunteer group — and the American Peace Corps, get right down to the level of the people in the countries they choose to visit. And to many eyes their reports could be more valuable than the ones compiled by the gentlemen who round the air-conditioned cocktail arena.

Meanwhile, the Trudeau pressure is on. He wants a complete review of our foreign policy, and the way we put it into action. The study is, perhaps unfortunately, being conducted by the Department of External Affairs staff. Which is rather like asking the senate to write a report on why it's being investigated. The pressure for a new approach to policy is so great, in fact, that rumors say Trudeau is about to dump Mitchell Sharp as foreign minister. I feel certain that the reasons are not true. Sharp is a man who pulled out of last spring's leadership race and threw his support to Trudeau, and for the PM to reject him now would be an unbelievable act of political repudiation. But the pressure is clearly on the Old Guard, of which External Affairs has been one of the most prominent examples (dismissed talented staff with matching votes, dismissed mid-level at cocktail parties).

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Is the rest of Canada really ready for these two-uh-gagmen?

SHE: Sorry I am, Master, but Tardigrades sick from eating jelly of place that was rotten.
HE: Oh, goodness, what was a place like that doing as a girl like you?

THE REALITY, and more like it, will be played out on CBC Saturday nights, following the holiday games, starting on February 11's from the new Comedy Café, and the most remarkable place to make such a bit that this is the first new English Montreal has had something to offer which CBC-TV in Toronto doesn't have a heavy advantage.

Though CBC Toronto has always had the greatest grasp for French-Canadian entertainment, it has looked upon Montreal's English CBC as if it were a colony of Soviets — or so they've always felt in Montreal. "This is really an important development. It puts us on the map, culturally speaking," a CBC information officer told me. This attitude may, in fact, be one of the reasons the English division of CBC Montreal has always been pretty much a wasteland. (It is said that sending a Toronto producer to Montreal is like sending him out to pasture.)

Naturally try to defend its role in way of doing things. And Mitchell Sharp, at least on the evidence of his modest speech at the UN and his subsequent handling of the Italian problem, seems certain to align himself with the Old Guard — someone never

are both misanthropic Britons. "We've been studying comedy and acting at this for a long time. It's not an overnight success story," says Brennan, an East Londoner, who first joined the CBC for half a dozen years before joining Morgan to write *Funny*.

"Writing comedy is a science. Every second line — every line, if possible — must have a punch and a laugh in it," adds Morgan, a Welshman who previously edited *The Mischief* magazine. "The shows are taped before a live audience at the Windsor Hotel. Any line that doesn't get a rise is cut out of the show. We don't use any canned laughter."

The hosts of M&B, as they're called (they have formed their own company), is social satire and musical satire. They've developed a refreshing style and have an excellent cast of professional comic performers, headed by Dave Broadfoot, Bernie Boddie, Ted Zagler, Ross Starr and George Caron, who make even the current gag pieces delightfully funny.

Examples of M&B wit: □ In a skit called Koolhaas, a Russian general, interviewed at Windsor Square, boasts that he has been awarded the Order of Stalin. "The one with the hippie monochrome." "But he was a terrorist, a power-rascal, a murderer," the interviewer objects. Replies the general: "That was just his good side."

□ Two Wraps in the efficient twist of Mount Royal find themselves trapped on a suspended Quebec of the future. "Ah, here, Archibald, the Government is us, then?" "Oh, in your fair so, maddening, much like you!" They build a wooden horse and try to go over the wall to Ontario, but make a wrong turn and instead find first prize in the St. Jean Baptiste parade.

□ In an Adam and Eve bit, a full Adam walks out on a cyborg Eve, as the serpent hisses: "What happened to the forbidden fruit?" Replies Eve: "He's gone out for a walk."

□ Dave Broadfoot plays a retired Lester B. Pearson making a delivery call through to Trudeau. Part of the monologue: "Hi Lester... you, the best to with the dots... how are you making out? Two in trouble and a third not quite sure? No, no I missed the country home."

Well, don't say you weren't warned. And meanwhile, M&B Europeans are working on a pilot for a madman comedy about an English immigrant inheriting a house in Montreal (filled with a bunch of weirdos, and it's to be produced in, you, Montreal). DON MILL

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Perhaps we should move up the date of this conference. Our man on the West Coast says the Prime Minister of BC has never served Canada down in three geographical areas..."



In memory of girdles.

We looked at what women were stuffing themselves into these days and we were not, shall we say, ecstatic.

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All the support of a panty girdle. Without all the dangling, pinching, lumpy hardware. Without that feeling of having your thighs clamped in a tourniquet. And without that flashing gap of bare thigh we know oh so well.

All the freedom of panty hose. But with the support that panty hose just doesn't have the strength to deliver. With no sagging. No bagging. No bunching up. No sliding down. No problem with fit.

And if one stocking runs, you don't have to throw the whole thing out.

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For more information, contact the author at edward.hughes@utoronto.ca.

name

February

Oh, you man and your heroism!
Do I always have to earn
my Canadian Club the hard way?

Yes.



ARTHUR HALEY



"I'm not trying to make the world better. I'm a storyteller. I interpret the excitement of now"

Maclean: How did you react, Shelly?
Hailey: I wasn't surprised. It was sudden, but Arthur's decisions always are. We loved Toronto, but we wanted a warmer climate.

Hailey: We had known for some time we could live anywhere. It's a difficult decision to make, picking up roots. We met in Toronto, our children were born there. But Toronto had got to be such a megapolitan that I was beginning to feel hemmed in.

Maclean: Was the California good life affected your self-discipline?

Hailey: I could work anywhere. I could work in a coal mine if I had to, though I wouldn't enjoy it much. When I made the move, I only lost a couple of days' work. If you're going to work you just get on with it.

Maclean: I think that Arthur, like a lot of others, is affected by the weather. The Toronto weather used to get him down. After living here for three years, he has become much mellower. Happier. Hailey: But it isn't affecting my work in any way. It's not as if I had gone to Hollywood. Actually, I got back to Toronto soon after that I got to Los Angeles.

Maclean: I find it impossible that you can stick to your routine, have all plans laid in a discipline, an office with a view?

Hailey: Not for me. After I've done the research on a book, I make a pact with myself that come what may I will write 500 finished words a day, 1,600 words a week. It doesn't matter what the conditions when the children wake up and ask me what I've done and I show them my two pages, they say, "Is that all?" It's enough. There are always 180 minutes for not writing at all. I just don't accept three.

Maclean: Is it a bit to say that you look on writing primarily as a business?

Hailey: No. I do so primarily because it pays.

Maclean: Arthur's businessman's side showed moving started in Toronto. He made a little bit of a break when writing in a basement loft. That was partly because he was involved in advertising as a small way and convenient had to go on to a more serious matter. Psychological. It was good because he got up in the morning, looked at the clock and said, "I'll work at it, and he did. He's shown how this way life is a very self-disciplined man.

Maclean: You're in the middle of researching a novel about Detroit and the automotive industry. His wife, Paddy, made the car people get the story. It's a very close relationship you need? **Hailey:** It's not absolutely no trouble in

perfect barbers, apartment in San Francisco for overnight stays, windows open and tape and, normally for San Francisco, a model open where they would delight any kid of age 40.

Maclean: I'd like to know how Hailey became the writer. In the author's life, very early, early, early, early. Obviously, the childhood years of his children would provide the novel's plot. In what form the early childhood author would stick over to an audience. "I've seen, I've seen, I've seen." There all you could have seen the emphasis in the author's tone.

Maclean: How did you happen to come from Toronto to this beautiful place?

Hailey: In the summer of 1945 I was getting background material for *Algonquin*. My publishers had said there was a retired airline captain near San Francisco who could give me some information. He lived in St. Helena, a place I had never heard of. I arrived on a Sunday at 10 p.m. It was a beautiful day. I looked at the water, at the hills, at blue hills at the horizon. I thought I'd never seen anything so lovely. In less than 24 hours I had bought the property and composed a telegram to Bobbie, who was then in our garage in Hamilton, Ontario. It wasn't a complicated decision. Some things I would never do alone. I would never buy a car or a house by myself. But then I was sure we would.

A reward for men. A delight for women.

Smooth as the wind.
Mellow as sunshine.
Friendly as laughter.
The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



WALLRAC

Student Power: first, learn something / Speak up, CBC, we can't hear you / Lesson at the end of a rage

CONSERVATIONISTS on post-Exhibition, *Dear Students: A Plea* — *But Let's Not Let Students Power Spoil Destruction*. You say, "We would be very impressed if the week also had been dominated by people who have had more finished. Basically with work." I suspect that a fairly large proportion of the protesting students are protesting simply because they do not wish to work. The rejection of the academic and moral authority of the professor, the viewing of him as "condemned" rather than "educated," is typical of many. Speaking as a university professor, I know that this charge, in the vast majority of cases, is not true. If the younger generation cannot profit from the experience of past generations, it cannot possibly progress beyond the limits reached previously — MICHAEL W. LAMBERT, INQUIRY CURRENT, BOSTON.

low-power students are established, CBC would speak on northern students. JOURNALISM, HIGH SCHOOL, ALTA.

D'yeh no ken Scotch, Jas?

Ken Roddy should have studied his Poont. Doing a little better before he made the statement that Scotch Pine is "young and almost useless for lumber" (who else said that at CIBC's *Turning New Green Pine Into New Green Dollars*, Report). He would have found that lumber from Scotch Pine is made practically at the top of all conferences in Europe.

J. L. JACQUES, TRUCK DRIVER, QUE.

Ken Roddy replied: "What I meant was that the Scotch Pine was almost useless as lumber in Canada."

What's a degree mean?

In discussing whether exclusion of students from exams should be eliminated from a university's system, both Dr. Claude Baudet and student leader Steve Langdon failed to make the most important point (October's *Issue A Degree for the Student Power*). At present a degree is one indication of the quality of a person's knowledge and training. This would no longer be the case if universities granted degrees to students whose merits have not been evaluated. If having a degree is to be worthwhile, those who have the education of exams would be well to propose a more accurate method of evaluating what a student knows. DAVID A. MICHAEL, TEACHING ASSISTANT, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, QUEBEC, CAN.

The man on the street



On page 15 of your November issue, in the article *Unusual The Coal*, you show a picture of an elderly gentleman. Perhaps you are not aware of the extent of the confusion.

His name is Dr. Andrew Hart, or Professor Hart, one of the University of Toronto. After choosing first the Department of Biochemistry and then the Department of Psychology, he joined from the university at the close of World War II. His first accepted an appointment as the staff of the Neurochemistry Department of The Hospital for Sick Children. He was

active here until recently when he retired again on his 59th birthday — J. JACKSON, CHIEF ARCHIVIST, HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO.

It's faster by Twain

In recent columns that feature Kate (What's Happening in Montreal) would miss all that goes on in the city. When the "Other Women" whom it had to do with to learn in one of Twain's observations: "When men, women and opportunity meet, the Devil has down and sleep sounds, for he knows his work will be well done."

J. T. LAMONTAGNE, POST FRANCHISE, ILL.

Dated as

Judging by her comments on the film *King of the Kings* (Reviews), Jeanette Louka has an axe to grind: "public acceptance of violence." What she fails to grasp, however, is that this is not a very original idea. Had she been less intent on denouncing the signs of her fellow spectators, and a little more interested in the plot, which incidentally was lashed by critics in the most unhelpful manner in a long time, she might have noticed that the film itself was a blatant commercialization of the murder in which society wants to "exorcise" the same morbid acts of its future. ROBERT APPEL, MONTREAL.

Footnote to Phily

The most interesting *Quebec's Daily Star* (What's the West has just called) is in a footnote you say that Daily Express, reporter Donald Scudgell exposed the disreputable of Burgess and Maclean. This is not true. Scudgell was not on the scene and never. The man on whom Scudgell has based the story is the Excerpt was Larry Solon, chief correspondent of the Express in Paris — a C. C. CHAMBER, CHIEFMAN, MONTREAL JOURNAL, DAILY IN PARIS, MONTREAL.

Wonderland: meet the cost

We would like to draw your attention to what we suppose is the L.C. Television newsroom, but is a good one, right in Montreal. And it's the best of parts of your special report on the "Cost of Living." The World, the Air, Mr. Smith, Baby and Mr. Puffin are appreciative of the magazine's article, however, one could not of the references were in it, and the has caused no end of human misery and it's kicking. Would it be possible for you to inform, in a final edition, the following names? (Consider the following: Air Sector Shortage, Mr. Puffin, Mr. Crane, Mr. Rose, the Puffin, Green



Yvon Gaboury tells DC-8's where to go

Mrs. Yvon Gaboury tells the big ones where to go, and the crew and passengers of the commercial airlines are glad to do so. He is one of more than 1,900 Air Traffic Controllers working for the Department of Transport across Canada.

These men carry a heavy burden since they assume responsibility for the safety of air traffic, in a number of ways. They quickly thinking and judgement under often difficult conditions have earned them a high reputation in the world of aviation.

Yvon Gaboury is part of the new breed of people in public service — highly skilled, well-educated, intelligent. In Government service he has found a stimulating and responsible future in the advancement of Canadian development. Like Yvon, Service of Canada has career opportunities for men like Yvon. If you'd like to know about them, write to:



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Grant, Mr. Blake, Star with the pins on top. Fanshawe, Mother, Friendly Guiting, Lawrence with Mr. the Ayres and Colleen Tappin — on, cyclists and MONTREAL, CMC, TELEVISION NEWSROOM, TORONTO

Engineers' comment

I would like to point out to your readers that the article I wrote for your December issue was a tribute on the attitude of most professional hockey centers toward education. The tale you told — *For Pete & Dumb* — was not the tale I suggested. As I explained in the article, most hockey players are well-read men who have simply been deprived of the opportunity to receive a formal education. The comments included with the article was obviously the product of someone who has never met a professional hockey player. I was disappointed in your handling of the article, since it appeared that I had been responsible for the distortion and for the tale.

R. KIM TULLSTON, TORONTO

* Do we detect subtle references to a double standard on the part of hockey's media who, while commending talented youths and their dashed pursuits their education is unimportant, where that those who, differing from the team education/athletic involvement? After Eugene observed that "growing number of Canadian boys are enrolling at such American schools as: Lawrence College." Obviously he meant St. Lawrence University, in Canton, New York. Lawrence College is in Lawrence, Kansas, and although an excellent school, does not have a hockey team. SLU has far many boys been attending tonight and talented Canadians here just what the hockey media and our own Canadian commentators have denied them — an opportunity to play good, competitive hockey while obtaining a degree of undergraduate education.

JOHN P. BARRY, MONTREAL, Q.

AN APOLOGY

In an article entitled *For King and Canada* in the July 1968 issue of *Maclean's*, Lt.-Col. D. J. Goodspeed, the Senior Historian of the Directorate of History, Canadian Forces Headquarters, was quoted as having made a derogatory comment concerning the survivors of the Hong Kong expedition of 1947. The editors of *Maclean's* are assured Lt.-Col. Goodspeed did not make the statement attributed to him and that it is as we now appreciate his opinion. We therefore apologize to Lt.-Col. Goodspeed and wish regret any embarrassment or discomfort caused he may have been caused.

Put your best whisky forward.

SCHENLEY
O.F.C.
CANADIAN WHISKY

IT SAYS THE RIGHT THINGS ABOUT YOU



ROLOFF BENY'S INDIA

A famous photographer's reflections on the sights, sounds and endless mysteries of an ancient land

NORCOT UNDERSTANDS INDIA. It's as vast and treacherous and diverse and beautiful and mysterious and terrifying as all the world and all mankind. I tried to understand it. In the course of preparing a book of photographs on the country, I traveled, with a guide and driver, 15,000 miles by Land Rover last year, and saw more of the subcontinent than most Western travelers have ever attempted. And still the place defies analysis. Instead, I can only rely on images, notions of things crowding my mind, to convey the wonder of the place. What, then, is India? For me, it's lotus blossoms as big as tea pots. Cow dung, regarded as sacred by some sects, plastered by the faithful on the trunks of trees. Naked children with eyes as black as beetle nuts and smiles as dazzling as polished ivory. Women in saris, graceful as Ionic columns, walking with babies clipped to their waists like doorknobs. The inevitable taste of curry. Reminders of fecundity: public statuary that Western tourists sometimes use as park benches. People everywhere: squatting like frogs in streets and railroad stations, thronging the dusty roads even before daylight, squandering life — yet somehow ennobling it with life's profusion. Perhaps my photographs will tell a story words cannot convey. For India, in the end, is not a place of the mind. India is what she puts before your eyes.



Candid artist-photographer Roloff Beny tells the stories of nations in books of his own pictures. Last year, his book *Japan In Color* was named the most beautiful publication in the world. This year he publishes a book on India. It's previewed in this 30-page Maclean's portfolio.





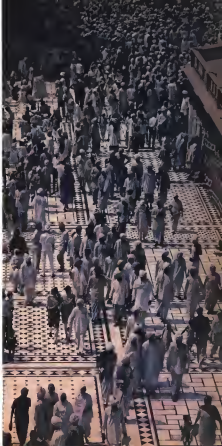
You don't glimpse India — it knocks the breath out of you. Its fecundity is awesome. It's a total spiritual, sensual happening"

INDIA is not for the squeamish or for the hypocrite, as conventional, Midwestern widows or married couples en route to idyllic shore sunset years with a glimpse of the exotic. You don't glimpse India — it knocks the breath out of you. One inevitably begins by puzzling about the living conditions, very real-life, most in Canada is thought to be impossible. But it is impossible for the traveler not to become involved.

Five years ago I traversed the interior of India during the monsoon heat of May and June, photographing for a previous book, *Flowers of Rome*. I never never to return, since the "realist" was so incompatible with my romantic image of that vast subcontinent. Yet, when I was offered the challenge of doing a book exclusively on India — with the inevitable convenience of being a star guest, I embraced the offer without hesitation. Why? In the meantime, I had completed books on two diametrically opposed countries, Japan and Canada — the one exceedingly beautiful as nature and aesthetically sophisticated, the other a vast, empty canvas, refined but of incredible potential. India seemed the synthesis of these two — vast but not empty, unspoiled as history on the globe and yet informed today as a given in composite as an independent nation, and of unparalleled variety in nature and art forms. It was and is a total happening on the highest spiritual and sensual level.

India is high adventure on the ground and on every level. Peoples have been making its land for at least 3,500 years. Darius the Great fought his way into the Punjab in 519-12 B.C., and Alexander the Great reached northwest India. I remember French Missionary India, Gandhi telling me in her garden that the extraordinary phenomenon of India is its survival. For more than 3,000 years there has been something one could call India, which either resisted and withstood or threw off every successive outside influence, and now, for the first time in its tumultuous history, is able to survive alone.

To take my reader on this second voyage of discovery perhaps the words written in my diary while





Religion in India is a spectrum of contrasts — from ritual butchery of birds and animals to the veneration of nature*

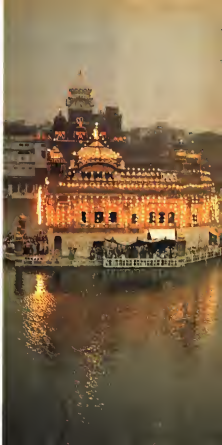
riests of today are most likely seen as Scottish tweed sport coats and Oxford grey business suits, though at the dinner given for us in Mahatma's honor at Bhadrachalam, a floor-length beige brocade robe. At several Hindu weddings I attended, the men outshone the women. In Rajasthani, the wealth displayed in men's jewelry, garlands and diamond necklaces, rings and turban brooches surpassed Hollywood snake-believe.

By great good luck, I was invited to the birthday party for the Chogyal — or king — of Sikkim. He wore a yellow Chinese silk robe intricately embroidered with peonies in full blossom, the color of permanence, topped with a tri-cornered crown of sable. The party at his Himalayan mountain fortress is recorded in my diary: "Towering, baroque towers, new rooms, the prince of Inyangpa, the royal monastery attributed to the mountain where Katsi embraced with Buddhist symbols, and Scottish bagpipes. Tibetan and Assam dances by Tibetan princesses and local dignitaries. English bone china heaped in blue and gold, with royal cress, curious carvings of pushing engraved plates under the 30-foot table, which was covered with a superb cloth of gold-embroidered leaves. The Dalai Lama's throne is there, covered in beige damask with the symbol of the phoenix."

As a violent contrast to this excellent paganism, I experienced a few weeks later the festival of Bhaisaj or Spring Festival, an ancient Hindu temple high on a hill dominating the Brahmaputra River near Guwahati in Assam. Approaching the border of Burma, "Spring Festival at temple 5 km, an hill above Guwahati. Sacrifice goats and pigeons. How I was able to keep calm and rational enough to take photographs I will never know."

I told myself I will not allow myself to become involved in goat-sacrifice, bird after bird, was butchered with a great knife on a sort of ghastly gallows. There was no reaction among the pilgrims, who prostrated themselves at this altar of blood. The children took part in the spectacle like any other game and themselves brought forth the uncanny creatures to the slaughter.

*First the victims were dropped in



He *he* cut off
silver trays, with
batlers in fivers.
The poor cats
penmes. But there is a pride
in India's accomplishments"

the sacred silver-glass tank containing several cups of Ganges water then drums beat as if it were Peru 1796. The innocent anniversary of animals was brought to the altar of the gods. The struggling straining goat was held in position by two priests in red, blood-venered robes and paraded with piety and exultation. The succulent creature brought down the great knife and suddenly the creature was denied its head, which was sublimely tossed in a heap while the body went to a concave pit beyond to be dragged off, still beating its tender legs with life — remembered in the muscles for a last fleeting moment.

"I stood transfixed in this basest slaughterhouse for an hour as pilgrims after pilgrims shaved head painted with yellow and dabbed with blood of their preferred victims and paraded with flowers, moved in orderly fashion with trappings of barbaric blood with holy oil and grime and holding lighted butter lamps, gave their offerings to the grotesque cows. How incredible is the worship of the Nandi, which presents a kind of the soul which exists in houses temples and honey hotels and is assured of never being tamed out — even the effeminate, smart one the like could not escape the bloody treatment as it is a sign to devotee piety. It was a graphic reminder that mortality is a constant with the Indians who, by virtue of their incredible fecundity, are made never death as a constant circumstance."

In other temples animal life is re-enacted not sacrificed. Temples are dedicated to monkeys, cows, birds, and even to Kaputies even to rats. In south India, an early form of festival in Madras — one form of the day was a peacock temple I'd heard about in Madras. Luckily we arrived at dawn when there was a peacock an almost every one of the 210 steps the men with their tails full-blown. During the day they had among socks and shoes, and women mothers take their place. Elephants are frequently kept in pens

and are virtually revered as gods (Ganesha, the elephant-headed god, was the favorite son of Shiva), and they are expounded and used for ceremonial events in the temples heralded by trumpets and drummers.

The Jain sect of Buddhism is so dedicated to the preservation of animal life that the devotee will not work on grass for fear of killing insects, and they wear glass masks to avoid breathing in and thus suffocating microbes from the air.

The Sikhs the reformist offshoot of the Hindus, were never to cut their hair, drink alcoholic beverages or tell a lie. They have migrated the world over. There is a strong community of them in Vancouver. Their most holy shrine, the Golden Temple at Amritsar, is set on a pool of nectar surrounded by a canopy of red marble which is itself a reason enough to visit India. They are recognized by their elaborate beards and turbans — under which their flowing hair is fully revealed and lowered. Sikhs deplore the veneration of gods and remain, not stop a look, but the beauty of religion in India is its fecundity. One can equally well do without a temple and worship a true statue or the lotus, India's most sacred flower.

My duty doesn't neglect the poverty of India. As I observed in Bombay from my hotel window overlooking the Arabian Sea, "I watched one crippled boy on crutches and a woman with a series of interchangeable rag doll-like children (which were children) work over each tourist who arrived by air or train from 7 to 11 a.m. Between afternoon luncheon hours (this blocking the path before me to hotel door), they chatted and composed notes with the berries and doorman who seemed in no way surprised by the obvious misfortune caused. By evening, I gave the crippled boy 10 rupees (one rupee equals 14 cents Canadian; 10 rupees is a week's salary) the first evening and he never let me out of sight since that, to avoid him, I was forced to use a side entrance. My sympathy is for the unemployed and indolent brother, for he can easily be exploited at the confluence of uneducated kinks, greedy clucking hands, human fragility in pathetic rags that greet him if he makes the wrong turn or goes near a religious shrine. Equally out is haunted to the very door of the hotel by, one son, poor professional begins who must be a contemporary son with the daughter of the hotel."

In a remote eastern city in the heart of India, I learned an almost unbelievable story from Nandu, our

self-appointed guide. "One of a family of seven living with parents in one room. Father earns four to five rupees per day, if very lucky, in a blacksmith. Bhusadai is a husband is tea and ekaputres, dinner the same with lentils and vegetables, if lucky. Men earn 1.5 rupees per day or road gang, women, 1.25."

Equally startling to me were the wages received in the teaching profession in India. The information was supplied by a government guide in Madras, and I am certain that the figures vary from state to state, but these figures are representative. Teachers of the primary school level: 150 rupees per month, secondary school, 210 rupees per month, university, 350, professors, 500. Whenever I brought up the subject of endowments or such enlightened officials, the topic of conversation was changed.

Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India, received me while wearing the pleasant cotton sari-garments, colored with printed gold, wooden beads and a practical watch on her wrist. She spoke with animated and sensitive civility about India's problems. Her intense pride in India's accomplishments makes her critical of those who not only the forces of division and disintegration that threaten India's gains toward stability. India could not delay a welfare program until an economic infrastructure had been created, so both she and her father have had to make concessions to welfare that were not economically justified but were politically necessary. As a result, there are economic strains on the country and a delay in attaining a high growth rate.

I live just bar in the ornate gardens of Nehru's mansion, now a memorial. She was entertaining dinner who had originated for the Republic. They celebrated. There like Mary Poppins from group to group. "She ended proletrated from head to foot with mini-golds and jewelry. My first and most poignant memory of this remarkable woman was when she bade farewell to the Emperor of Ethiopia on the terrace of the airport at Delhi. She escorted this proud emperor across a ribbon of scarlet carpet to his plane, got, emboldened with royal symbols. She returned alone in this symbolic red carpet through a colonnade of heat to the heraldic tents where the august ambassador corps stood at attention in the shade. She wore a pale-saffron sari and carried a blue-rose, poppies, pinks, parrots. This lovely figure who literally guides the destiny of 330 million souls is riched forever on my memory. □

**"WHATEVER YOU WRITE
ABOUT ME, DON'T
CALL ME A GODDAM
FUGITIVE FROM
JUSTICE"**

JOHN DOYLE'S GAMBLE WITH MILLIONS: HEADS HE WINS - TAILS YOU LOSE



By Walter Stewart

BEFORE I MET John Christopher Doyle, the controversial mining promoter and close friend of Newfoundland Premier Joseph Smallwood, I thought of financial wizards as rather dull types, surrounded by computers and walnut-paneled boardrooms and lynn-eyed assistants and fancy accountants, stodgy people, really, for all their wealth, who lived in a world of ticker tape and dividends and stock warrants and other inscrutable phenomena. But all that, as I say, was before I met John Doyle, before I perched in the gilded opulence of his Ottawa penthouse, and found myself fixed by the wag of a mischievous Doyle finger, startled by the bar of a normally soft Doyle voice, which rasped: "Whatever you write about me, goddam it, don't call me a goddam fugitive from justice!"

Very well, John Doyle is not a fugitive from justice. He is, however, a genuine financial wizard, a skilled negotiator and a native of the U.S. who may not return to that country because, as John Diefenbaker once intelligently put it, "he will end up in the coop for three years if he does." He is also Chairman of the Executive Committee of Canadian Javelin Limited, a Newfoundland corporation described to me by a U.S. government lawyer who has studied it for years as "the most mysterious company known to man." Canadian Javelin, through a network of subsidiaries, controls huge quantities of iron ore and timber in Labrador, oil and potash in Saskatchewan, silver in El Salvador, and other minerals from northern Quebec to Arizona.

Finally, Doyle is president of Melville Pulp and

Paper Limited, a subsidiary of a subsidiary of Canadian Javelin, which hopes to receive generous government aid toward a chip-mill in Labrador and a liner-board mill in Newfoundland. The federal government has already announced conditional approval of \$20.1 million in loans and grants to Melville, and Sealwood — whose portrait, in oils, broods over the affairs of Canadian Javelin in a suite of offices that shares Doyle's 12th-floor penthouse — has already named the ceremonial first sod for the lumbered plant. But recently the project has struck a snag. After a closer look at the scheme than they gave it when preliminary approval was announced, some government members have turned against it, for a number of reasons.

First, the critics argue, while resource development always requires some help from the taxpayer, in this case Melville is not shovelling enough of the load. The project will cost \$143.6 million, of which Doyle's companies have so far spent \$12 million and promised \$16.8 million, a total of about 20 percent of the cost. Normally, the promoter is expected to put up at least 40 percent.

Second, if Melville is being asked to do too little, governments are being asked to do too much. The Canadian treasury is expected to pick up \$20.1 million in grants and loans, the Newfoundland government will guarantee \$54 million in loans and the U.K. government will back another \$41 million, as well as making an outright grant of five million dollars toward two British-built transport ships. If the scheme fails, it will hurt the three governments even more; if it succeeds, Melville will wind up with an asset worth at least \$143.6 million, obtained largely on government credit.

Third, while it may have to share in the losses, no government will be asked to share in any profits, except indirectly, through taxes. The deal has been so arranged that even Newfoundland, which owns a majority of Canadian Javelin shares, cannot make a profit on them.

Finally, at least some government figures are disturbed by the controversial reputation of Doyle himself. They wonder if he is the kind of man the Canadian taxpayer should help. For one thing, he allegedly owns the National Revenue Department more than two million dollars.

It was to discuss these points that I went to see Doyle: and the moment I stepped into his apartment my vision of a businessman's brusque, austere broke and fled. It slipped across broadcloth (dark and soft and gilded, I met an appreciative eye over antique furniture from the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI, I admired the gilded ivory Doyle plays for relaxation, the marble tables, the expensive oil paintings along his living-room walls — one is a portrait by Fragonard, another is "La Perte d'Alchimie," painted by François

Boucher for Madame Pompadour, Louis XV's mistress. And I thought of the grudging admiration in the voice of one of Doyle's co-actors earlier when he told me, "He's a tycoon and a tyrant, but he's got taste."

I was mulling this remark when Doyle bustled up in a cloud of energy, good humor and collegiality. He is a handsome man of medium height, with regular features and a head of becoming steel-grey hair, but his looks are marred somewhat by the great jowls, tremendous, jiggling corporations that frame his face, and by a boofy corpulence that thrusts out before him like a porch. He has the reputation of a goonster, but the outline of a goonster. He speaks well, sweats slightly, smiles tightly and exudes an easy charm that lends credence to a story told by a former investigator for the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington, a story that when two FBI agents called on Doyle to charge him with 11 counts of violating U.S. securities laws, he sold them stock in Canadian Javelin. Doyle has been a rising promoter for nearly 20 years, and his methods in one instance were described with brutal directness by a court referee appointed to settle a battle between Doyle and some disgruntled stockholders in 1961.

"Doyle's development of Labrador," the referee wrote, "affords an epic tableau of resource pioneering in the Canadian wilderness, accompanied by all the usual features of pioneering, swindling, lawlessness, frauds for convenience, crude improvisation, even commercial piracy . . . and by the applications of normal United States standards of corporate morality, appears at best devious and doubtful, and at worst, corrupt and sordid." Doyle himself, the referee wrote, "emerges from the tableau less like Cecil Rhodes and more like Errol Flynn portraying that role."

The subject of this unflattering portrait was born in Chicago in 1915, came to Canada as a \$125-a-week coal salesman and, before long, owned his own thriving coal business. In 1949, Doyle bought Joseph Peenay and Machine Works in Joliet, Quebec, and re-named it two years later as Canadian Javelin Limited, a public company that has survived ever since as a holding company for his ventures.

Those ventures began on a grand scale by accident. On a 1952 trip to Newfoundland to collect an \$18,000 debt owed to his coal company, Doyle occupied an airplane seat next to a Newfoundland geologist who spoke enthusiastically of the mineral wealth of Labrador, and of the provincial government's generous attitude toward resource developers. Doyle collected his \$18,000, then spent a week poring over mining maps, and soon forgot all about the coal business. He offered to exchange shares in Canadian Javelin for control of the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation (NALCO), a provincial Crown company that owned rich mineral rights in Labrador. The deal fell through when Canadian Javelin was de-listed from stock



DOYLE HONORED:

In a 1962 ceremony a smiling John Doyle receives an honorary doctor of laws degree and handshakes from chancellor Lord Thomson, at Newfoundland's Memorial University. Doyle's holding company, Canadian Javelin, had previously \$500,000 toward a university residence.



DOYLE ACCUSED:

Arraigned in a Montreal court in 1960, a stern-faced Doyle at 46, stands in the dock flanked by police to hear charges of theft, conspiracy and fraud against him, involving \$4,850,000 in missing stock. He opens one night an eye but the charges were subsequently dismissed.

exchanges in Montreal and Toronto has "failed to comply with a request for information deemed to be in the public interest." However, another scheme was worked out in which Javelin acquired rights to mineral deposits near Wabush Lake, Labrador. During 1954, geologists confirmed the existence of up to two billion tons of iron ore in these deposits. (Doyle later bought NALCO, sold it, then bought it back again. Today it is 96.4 percent owned by Canadian Javelin.)

Doyle set to work to develop that ore body. Despite the fierce opposition of Canadian, American and European steel companies not anxious for new competition, he brought it off. He was eventually bought out by a consortium of his competitors, whose \$235-million Wabush Iron works came into production in 1965.

Premier Sealwood was grateful for Doyle's role in launching the Wabush development, which prob-

ably would not have taken place without him, and has remained staunchly loyal to the promoter ever since. Sealwood's attitude toward resource ventures has always been that they involve high risks and deserve high rewards. Once, when provincial Conservative leader Melvin Hollett attacked Doyle for having made a fortune in Newfoundland, Sealwood retorted, "Let us hope he makes 10, provided also that he gives us four developments." Sealwood went on, "The promoter becomes respectable after he has made his fortune. Whoever becomes a millionaire in this world today by teaching Sunday school?"

Certainly there is no visible similarity between John Doyle and the average Sunday-school teacher. He lives with a rich, exuberant zest. He likes to jet for the weekend to London or Paris or Panama, he has Newfoundland salmon flown to England to be properly smoked, then flown back again for his table. He loves music, and owns at least three organs — one in his Ottawa apartment, one in the colonial mansion that is his real home in Nassau, and one, a giant of 2,500 pipes, in the big of his hotel in Panama. He loves soft food, good wine, pretty women. He has married three times, and a portrait of his third wife, Maria, a beautiful blonde from Saskatchewan, dominates the library in his Ottawa penthouse. (His second wife, Germaine, obtained a New York divorce in 1958. As part of the settlement, Doyle was to set up an \$850,000 trust fund for his three children. The trust fund was never established and Germaine recently brought suit in Ottawa to hurry it along. "The whole matter has been looked after," Doyle explained. "It was a lot of nonsense." The trust will be set up "sooner," he said, and asked, "Haven't I always taken care of my children?")

Until recently, Doyle followed his fancies in his own four-engine DC-6 airplane, provided by the thoughtful stockholders of Canadian Javelin. It featured an interior fitted with mahogany panels, purple-and-grey plush seats and a crystal chandelier, as well as a bar, a kitchen and a bathroom complete with shower. However, the plane's lazzary drew too much attention, and Doyle sold it to a Mexican bank, which uses it to transport money. The area once occupied by his lavatory bathroom is now the home of a steel vault, and Doyle has been reduced to traveling by commercial aircraft, mostly chartered. At home in Nassau he has, of course, his own yacht and a white Lincoln Continental.

Among his possessions is an honorary LL.D. from Memorial University in St. John's, conferred in 1962 after Canadian Javelin promised \$500,000 toward a university residence. The residence was built and the degree bestowed, but the money was scarcely slow in coming although Doyle insisted on, "Everything is arranged now."

Canadian tax collectors are still pressing Doyle

for clues that go back nearly two decades. Originally, the Revenue Department sought \$3.4 million in taxes and interest from Doyle, but a Tax Appeal Board cut the amount to \$1.6 million, and Doyle has launched a further appeal with the Exchequer Court. In 1967 tax authorities instructed Canadian Javelin to pay over "any moneys due or becoming due to Mr John C. Doyle" to the Registrar General, but came away empty-handed. Doyle is no longer paid by Canadian Javelin; he is engaged as a "consultant" for \$50,000 (U.S.) a year, through Javelin Export Limited, a subsidiary in Nassau, beyond the reach of Canadian law.

Doyle's business life is at least as interesting as his private one. Because of his commercial ventures, he has been sued more than a score of times, once spent a night in a Montreal jail on theft, conspiracy and fraud charges — subsequently dismissed — and has been involved in an almost continuous running battle with rivals attempting to wrest control of Canadian Javelin from his hands. He attributes most of his troubles with the law and various securities commissions to these rivals, in his version of his life story, they have a misleading power, made tax agents, abusive security investigators and even influence courts against him. Describing a judge who had a minor role in one of the civil suits against him, Doyle said flatly, "[He] was owned by the golden lawyers."

That suit was based on a claim by some stockholders that Doyle had mismanaged shares of Canadian Javelin for his own benefit. He eventually agreed to pay \$1,350,000 into the company treasury, not because he felt he had done any wrong, but "only to protect my own interests."

"Look, I owned over one million shares. Three dollars on the stock is my money back, that's the bull piece [i.e., if the stock dropped more than three dollars as a result of the lawsuit, the loss would be greater than the agreed settlement]. Besides, I got 24 percent of the return because I own 24 percent of the company. What would you do?"

I suggested that the referee appointed to oversee the settlement did not see him as an aggressive investor, and I began to relate the referee's description of Doyle's business ethics, already quoted earlier in this article, but he would not be silenced. "Ah," he said, "he had to put that in to make it look as if the settlement was a monstrous settlement."

Doyle hints there were also forces mysterious, if not sinister, behind the criminal charges that have made him a fugitive from — sorry, a person who would be wiser not to visit the land of his birth. Those charges rise out of a complex investigation conducted by the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington. The SEC became involved because Canadian Javelin stocks were trading vigorously in the U.S., and their price was subject to wilder SEC lawyer called "a spring wiggler and a winter

wiggler" although Javelin was not an operating company. SEC investigator Edward C. Jagerman eventually leveled 11 charges at Doyle and two other men, ranging from fraud and stock manipulation to such technical violations as causing unregistered shares to be traded in an investor. The point of this charge, which is not an offense in Canada, is that, to register the stock with the SEC, the vendor must provide a good deal of financial information about the company; without registration, there is no check on any claims he might make. Jagerman, who is now in private business in New York, told me his concern had been that Javelin, which has more American than Canadian stockholders, should become a U.S. company and subject itself to SEC regulations.

In June 1959, Jagerman flew to St. John's, where he cited these conditions to members of the Newfoundland cabinet. He says he told the cabinet, "If these things were done — it was unlikely that there would be a criminal prosecution" against Doyle.

Canadian Javelin did subject itself to SEC regulations, but it did not become an American company and, after a long delay, Doyle was indicted in August 1963 at Hartford, Connecticut. Premier Smallwood, whose reelection does not match Jagerman's, insisted his cabinet had been given a commitment that Doyle would not be prosecuted. The Premier flew to Washington to ask the then Attorney-General Robert Kennedy to halt the court proceedings, but Kennedy refused. Eventually, Doyle pleaded guilty to the least of the charges against him, that of causing 50 unregistered shares to be traded for sale. The other charges were dropped. On May 3, 1965, Doyle was fined \$5,000 and sentenced to three years in prison, with a suspension after three months.

In leveling so severe a sentence, Judge Emmett Clair noted: "Failure to register permitted the sale of several millions of shares. It is not a question of 50 shares alone that the Court has considered."

Doyle's explanation of his finding: "The SEC went in and filled his full of stuff and he didn't even understand what it was all about." He was astounded at the severity of the sentence. "I pleaded guilty to try and get it over with," he told me. "If I thought for one goddam minute I was going to jail, I never would have pleaded guilty."

He launched an appeal, which failed, then, on July 15, 1965, shipped out on his \$10,000 bail and fled to Canada (security officers are non-existent). He gave a curious reason for this course of action: "You had a government in Newfoundland that had said there was an agreement [not to prosecute] and here you would have Doyle sitting in jail going to prove them to be liars. It would be pretty goddam embarrassing for those people."

The chief of "those people," Premier Smallwood,

"Doyle's development of Labrador affords an epic tableau of pioneering in the wilderness... He emerges from the tableau less like Cecil Rhodes and more like Errol Flynn portraying that role"



never wavered in his loyalty to Doyle. A week after the judgment against his friend, Smallwood flew to a federal-provincial conference in Ottawa about Doyle's DC-6. But if Smallwood's confidence was unshaken, the same could not be said for Canadian Javelin stockholders, who were growing restless under the barrage of headlines generated by Doyle's activities. Their disaffection was increased when Doyle's name was linked, indirectly, to the Garcia Muniz inquiry and to "L'Affaire des Six," when some Canadian MPs were accused of accepting bribes to support the minority Liberal government. No evidence was ever produced to connect Doyle to either of these matters. However, the effort was to add threat to a shareholders' revolt that culminated in 1966 in the formation of a Stockholders' Protective Committee, with the avowed aim of ridding Canadian Javelin of "its greatest liability — John C. Doyle."

The stockholders complained that Doyle had never paid any of the \$3,350,000 he had promised as a result of the earlier stockholders' suits against him, although the company had been forced to cover \$1,692,500 in legal expenses for the case. Doyle had agreed to make three equal yearly payments of \$750,000, beginning in 1963, and a final payment of \$1,100,000 in 1966, but no new cash had ever entered the company treasury. The first payment was met by offsetting it against salary and expenses claimed by Doyle, but no further payments were forthcoming, and a frowning board of directors did not move to enforce the default provisions of the contract.

Doyle finally cleared his debt in 1968 by borrowing against shares in his Paines hotel, but long before that he had been the disident stockholders with a weapon more potent than money — the Newfoundland government. In November 1967, a special class of preferred shares in Canadian Javelin was created and turned over to the province. These 5,300,000 shares were given one vote each, enough to ensure control of the company (there are 5,828,850 common shares outstanding, and Doyle, by far the largest stockholder, owns 1,251,117 of these, which he agreed to vote with the government bloc). Newfoundland's stated reason for acquiring control was to secure its guarantee of loans for the Nidville Inland project, but the result was to whisk Doyle safely beyond the reach of a proxy fight. In 1966 the disident stockholders failed to get the message; they were told bluntly they were "not acceptable" to the government.

"What they did," claims Laurence Leves, the New York lawyer who acted for the rebels, "was to disenfranchise the stockholders and leave Doyle sitting pretty."

A three-man committee was named to vote the province's — and Doyle's — stock, but that committee does not control Canadian Javelin, Doyle says. As he told me, "The three trustees have nothing to do

with the policy of the company, except that they have the right to vote the shares for or against the management" at an annual meeting. When I wanted to discuss the Melville project with trustee William Wimmer, Javelin's president, he told me, "Oh, you'd have to ask Mr. Doyle about that. I don't know a damn thing about it."

The outline of the project is simple enough; it is a scheme to harvest black-spruce trees near Lake Melville in Labrador, turn them into wood chips in a factory at Happy Valley, raise the end of the lake, and transport those wood chips 605 miles across the water to Stephenville, Nfld. There, the chips will be fed into a 500-foot-long machine capable of turning out 1,200 tons of lumberboard a day for the manufacture of cardboard boxes. The project will employ 1,125 workers and, presumably, add to Canadian exports, since Europe is the intended market.

The scheme is based on timber rights covering 23,325 square miles of Labrador (an area roughly twice the size of Belgium) divided into two blocks. About 11,000 square miles is held by NALCO, the Javelin subsidiary, which in turn owns Melville Pulp and Paper. The second block, 10,325 square miles, has been purchased from a curious company called Seolven Timoshpoyge owned in Luxembourg, a tiny principality on the upper Rhine River. Javelin will pay Seolven Timoshpoyge about four million dollars for its timber rights, but Doyle doesn't seem to know much about the company. "They are controlled by some goddam bank or something, and I don't know who they are except that they are in the paper business in the European area and frankly I don't want anybody to ever come near me on it." (Doyle was once accused of squaring \$4.6 million worth of Javelin stocks out of Canada into Luxembourg and, although the case was thrown out of court, he is touchy about that notion.)

If the lumberboard project succeeds, the profit will go to Melville Pulp and Paper and its owners in Canadian Javelin, but not to the majority Javelin shareholder, the government of Newfoundland. This is because the preferred shares the province holds pay no dividend and are redeemable at 10 cents each — for a total of \$530,000 — no matter how much Javelin common stock becomes worth. (At present, it is listed at about \$14.50 a share, up from \$9.50 last February 29, for a paper gain to Doyle of \$6,255,560 on his holdings.)

This brings us back to the point made by critics within the government of the Melville scheme: too much of the cost is to be backed by taxpayers in Canada and the U.K., too little by the company itself.

"The question is not what's it going to cost," Doyle told me, "but what's it going to cost whom?" And that is a very good question.

The Stephenville mill will cost \$66 million; the

Happy Valley mill, \$13.5 million; two 80,000-ton tankers to haul the wood chips will come to \$25 million and harbor improvement and other facilities another \$13.6 million. In addition, Doyle claims Melville has already spent \$12 million and will need \$11.3 million in working capital, for a total price of \$145.6 million.

The most expensive single item, machinery for the Stephenville plant, will be bought for \$41 million, which will be loaned by British banks, guaranteed by the U.K. government and, in turn, by the government of Newfoundland. As a condition, all the machinery must be built in Britain; no Canadian firm may bid on it. The two ships will also be built in the U.K., and financed by a grant of five million dollars from the U.K. government to the shipbuilders and a loan of \$20 million secured by mortgages on the ships. The Happy Valley mill will be financed by a loan from an American financial house and the Canadian government will provide \$20.1 million for dredging and harbor improvement, waterworks, and incentive grants. Some of this will be in the form of a repayable loan, but at least \$10.75 million will be an outright gift.

Against all this outside money for assets that will belong to his company, Doyle's original intention was to put up only \$5.5 million in new money, and this was borrowed by Canadian Javelin from the Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund in the U.S. — the pension fund controlled by Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters Union. When the Canadian government balked at such a tiny commitment from Javelin, the company agreed to raise the \$11.5 million working capital by selling Javelin shares on the market.

Even with this additional commitment, the federal cabinet has not been able to agree, at this writing, on the Melville project. Federal backing means more than \$20.1 million in loans and grants; it implies Ottawa is satisfied with the financial setup of the company. In addition, as one senior civil servant told me, "A lot of people are going to assume that the federal government would have to step in if anything went wrong."

Cabinet ministers realize that resource development normally entails high risks and requests generous support, but at least some government members feel that the risks this time are increased by the looming presence of John C. Doyle, the man who sparked the deal. I tried to convey some sense of this unease to Doyle as we stood in his ornate dining room and peered through swirling snow toward Parliament Hill, a quarter of a mile away.

"I think you make some people up there nervous," I said.

"Me?" he asked, and his arms went back, his hands went out, his eyebrows shot up in an agony of innocent surprise. "Why should I make anyone nervous?" □



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arthur

Age 33 years
Average Life 71.83 yrs
Gone 43 years
(17,835 days)

High school graduate
was living as a salesman
enjoyed reading. High
point of career was his
philosophy paper. Received
his first drink from
graduate. Enjoyed the
kiss.

linda

Age 30 years
Average Life 71.43 yrs
Gone 41 years
(14,700 days)

High school graduate
worked in office. Went
to senior business school.
Long term career. No
degree. Married and happy.
In early 1960s, she
started. Single. Single
until very present.

john

Age 30 years
Average Life 71.13 yrs
Gone 41 years
(14,500 days)

High school graduate
worked in university.
Died in office. Planned
on being doctor. Had
bachelor's and master's.
High school working
in hospital supply firm
as a helper.

jeff

Age 30 years
Average Life 71.13 yrs
Gone 41 years
(14,500 days)

High school graduate
worked in university.
Died in office. Planned
on being doctor. Had
bachelor's and master's.
High school working
in hospital supply firm
as a helper.

alecia

Age 30 years
Average Life 71.13 yrs
Gone 41 years
(14,500 days)

High school graduate
worked in university.
Died in office. Planned
on being doctor. Had
bachelor's and master's.
High school working
in hospital supply firm
as a helper.

tony

Age 30 years
Average Life 71.13 yrs
Gone 41 years
(14,500 days)

High school graduate
worked in university.
Died in office. Planned
on being doctor. Had
bachelor's and master's.
High school working
in hospital supply firm
as a helper.

Before you blame this terrible moment on someone else — stop. Maybe you and I are responsible for the damage and the waste — what if they had lived — would John have discovered a cure for cancer — would a grandson of the girl who would a large family become a prime minister with a formula for world peace. Does it matter now? Yes, it matters. The same thing will happen next week and the week after and the week after that. It will happen so often that next week we will wipe out an entire classroom of young people. At the end of the year more than 52 classrooms of young drivers and passengers will have been killed on the highways. We educate our children to be ready for a lifetime of work — even if we have them to live to enjoy the promises and the hopes of that lifetime. The Canadian Surety Company endorses community driver education programs. We think the effort is worth it.

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Why is it better than a big car.
It's a Volvo 460. It's a Volvo 460. It's a Volvo 460.

90% of a Volkswagen fits inside a Volvo. The 376 got squashed in the space. Of course, the act of squeezing a VW into a Volvo was a useful achievement when compared to the final result. The world's first car with the trunk in its engine compartment. And the engine compartment in its trunk. Obviously, this incredible automotive breakthrough has a purpose. And it's not to build a new beetle.

But to correct a misconception people have about Volvo. Many people think Volvo is a tiny little car. The full absurdity of this thinking becomes apparent when you consider that Volvo originally came from Sweden, the land of the Vikings. Did you ever hear of a four-foot Viking? Actually, Volvo is built for firefighters. In the long, Volvo has only three models of its truck line bigger than a Buick Wildcat. In the back, it has two-thirds of its inch more

legroom than a Chrysler in the same class. Volvo has more than an inch on the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. But, as everyone knows, quality counts more than quantity. So we'll tell you about something Volvo has in common with the Rolls-Royce. Both have been rated among the most beautiful cars in the world by Road & Track Magazine. —? Which means this should be the only Volvo you'll ever see with a bug on it.

Volvo 460 GLE

How To Be A Global Villager

—Something 1,300 Canadian volunteers can teach a nation that plans to do more for the world's hungry



He is a well-qualified student with graduation, marriage and a "greening career" immediately ahead of him, but his burning concern is to arrange his life so that he can spend two years at work in a poor country.

This is the portrait of the overseas volunteer as a young man — and, in particular, of Wally Platts at 20. Today he is a law major with an honors degree in political science and a junior-executive job with Imperial Oil, and he sits shuttled in his suburban Toronto apartment and recalls the decision he made eight years ago. Now, in 1986, the first summer that CUSS sent entire families abroad, the Platts and their three-year-old daughter Katie moved to a rented house in Kingston, Jamaica. Wally and Edna started work as teachers at the local rate of \$1,800 a year in the secondary school in the shabby district called Trenchtown.

Each faced a class of some 50 Jamaican youngsters — genial in their green-uniformed uniforms, but some remote and some angry — and "we went home depressed every night in those first months." And the huffing Jamaican police, English with African words mixed in, made understanding difficult. The Platts spent their evenings doing their share of the work and West Indian history.

They felt they were winning when lower students began to gather at their house in the evenings. Others shared their sleeping, holidayers. Within two years, reports to CUSS headquarters spoke of the Platts as "the best type of volunteer."

Six Caplan is tough and pretty — a dark, shy 22-year-old from the Downsview district of Toronto posted by CUSS to train teachers in India. She gave the job up after six months because, she wrote home: "I feel I could be put to much better use."

She moved to the slum of Calcutta and went to work for Mother Teresa, a sainted Albanian nun whose 210 Missionary Sisters of Charity operate 37 centres — schools, relief colonies, dispensaries, clinics — homes for the dying destitute. "See Caplan, too the lepers and worse home." You can only see the most poverty, mass disease

it is only after some time that the individuals come into focus and you see beauty in and your learning and such chaos. I can see I'll need all the strength I can get here — spiritually, physically, emotionally." And she went back to feeding milk and rice soups to hungry children, giving an English lesson to the ones in training and mother to the children, dispensing medicine and visiting the sick in their homes ("I try to promote birth control. God doesn't provide for 15 kids").

"I have to keep fighting," she wrote, "otherwise I would walk around with a perpetually broken heart. Just to look at the sights of this city, I can estimate and sense agony — and 'we went home depressed every night in those first months.'" And the huffing Jamaican police, English with African words mixed in, made understanding difficult. The Platts spent their evenings doing their share of the work and West Indian history.

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That was before last summer's snowstorm when they withdrew to Kingston, New Brunswick in the Caplan's apartment of Calcutta. There was no hope of getting to work, so I went to the nearby hospital. The people there were without houses, food or dry clothing. I went all round the neighborhood, knocking on doors and asking for articles of clothing."

Eight hundred homes collapsed in the floods and soon Sam Caplan, too, was down. She was twice weeks in hospital with lung trouble. She is still in Calcutta, still working.

WALLY PLATTS would give "no less than two years." Six Caplan left it unresponsive to make "a small beginning." What is the least Canada as a whole can give the poor overseas? That question is a central one at the Trudeau government's foreign-policy review. The government has a long-range target: one per cent of the total of goods and services produced in Canada should be devoted to foreign aid. Meeting that target would demand a

idea of new initiative — unless, as Postmaster General Eric Korman has suggested, Ottawa directs some of the money it's been spending on defense to the north of the polar states. Whether Canadians at large are ready for such a gesture, ready to set up neighbors in the Global Village they live in, is something the ministers will decide. Wally Pilson and Sue Clipson were ready. That is why they are helpful people, why the group they work with has national leaders.

RON AND MARGARET UNGER are technical people and religious people. Last summer they looked at their work as telephone technicians and medical Spanish workers in the little Saskatchewan town of Neepawa and, in Ron's words, "Our world seemed small and seemed almost artificial, our friends and local activities. We asked ourselves: To this all we want to contribute to life? The answer was no. We wanted to use our technical skills in developing a better life for others. But danger from this was our belief in God and His place for us." Ron and Margaret Unger joined CUSO and today they are working as a couple here in Peru.

That impulse was like that of the movement which started the white business of volunteer service abroad, but that impulse is not representative of volunteers today. Something happened in Canada between the time of the 60s and Berlin. That generation was a generation involved in the fate of hungry people, though not necessarily in churches, the generation Arnold Toynbee calls "the first since the dawn of history to believe it possible to transcend the benefits of civilization available to the white human race." At the last annual count, 6,590 Canadians served in 103 countries under the sponsorship of 111 voluntary agencies. The total large growth.

The growth spiraled in the early 1960s. A number of small volunteer groups merged on Canadian campuses and formed CUSO to offer "trained, educated, low-cost manpower" to poor communities. The original emphasis was on developing countries. CUSO would select volunteers and pay their way to and from their postings; each individual would be chosen for his job and paid the "local rate" by the foreign employers. Ottawans started paying cash grants to CUSO in 1965 and put \$2,374,360 into the 1968-69 program.



Over their fourth wife, Ron (left) and Margaret Unger were a CUSO founder. Now he asks: Could I have done more?

(It costs CUSO \$5,000 to send a volunteer abroad for two years.)

The 1,100 men and women in the field today were paid by all 147 agencies at the Peace Street headquarters in Ottawa. They are responsible for programs in 88 regions — Francophone Africa, East and Central Africa, West Africa, Asia, Caribbean, Latin America. They facilitate life experience education training a worldwide job-placement service. They stress they're not for money but for growth.

These directors in Ottawa, even as veterans themselves, use Gertrude Chamberlain, of Vancouver, who's in her 60s to show young Canadians how to make history notes. Dianne Glosien, 25, of Guelph, Ont., is an Ottawa of Nigeria's National Home for Motherless Babies. David Kirk, 25, of Vancouver, is before in service at the World Life College for Game Workers on Mount Kilimanjaro. Kanya The Francophone field posted Priscilla Rodriguez, of Ville Bonheur, Que., to teach physical-training situations for the school system in Togo and was named when he reported back that he was also coaching the Togo soccer team.

Tom Maurice, 60, of volunteer specialists — computer programmers from the community colleges are in

demanded now — a consultant for Ottawa's foreign relations. Maurice Strong, who is in charge of the government's program of aid to 70 countries, says, "If there had been no CUSO volunteers overseas, we wouldn't have had to send them anywhere." At the receiving end, Habib Bourguiba, President of Tunisia, is building the public-health system of his country and prides them "because of self-education and competence."

FRANK RODGERMAN, 25, has the authority that goes with a \$2,600,000 budget and carries it with Greyhound, budget and self-organizer, he was behind a wide modern desk like the rising junior architect on an architectural firm. In fact, a law graduate of the University of Saskatchewan and involved over the decades he went on to CUSO as executive secretary. He is the central link between Canadian universities, the volunteers abroad and the government, which provides 85 percent of CUSO's budget, the rest comes from agencies, local business and volunteer efforts such as the Miss for Millions marches. He is also the author of "CUSO's law." The nature of a development program is directly proportionate to the degree of confidence the recipient has in the donor.

In approving programs overseas, he worries that no one has measured the overall, long-term results of the work of thousands of volunteers. He wants that the world needs a laboratory of knowledge on developing countries. CUSO, which reported its first full-time research director only last November, should help launch it. "Our real focus is development," he says. "It's not just a place." He's biased, too, by the problems of authenticity — the kind of arrogance displayed by two Canadian technicians who responded to an anti-African protest in Tanzania by telling students that the West worked out an advanced technology "while Africans were still in the trees."

To JOHN SMITH, a 27-year-old Toronto anthropologist, authenticity is not an abstract word. Born, a founder of CUSO, served as a youth specialist in Tanzania and Zambia in 1966, he's working as a probation officer in the copper belt, he married a nurse from Nairobi, named Inna. They respected the traditional African practices, including thirty-night mourning of the bereaved, and the work of a local guide though there was "ethnocentric reaction" from some Europeans and others.

nationalist Africans. But Inna said that the marriage was "really accepted."

THE TELEVISION news brought the story of Biafra into Canada's living rooms, but few Canadians were as deeply stirred as CUSO's small core of Africanist-activist volunteers. When the Nigerian civil war broke out, CUSO withdrew the 44 volunteers, mostly students, working in the Biafra region. A decision last summer to start a new program of 70 volunteers to the remainder of the Nigerian federation scandalized some of the old hands.

"It seemed to us that CUSO was endorsing the Nigerians," says Toronto architect Grant Wain, who led the fading group of protesters who argued with Michael Sharp on Parliament Hill in October 1968, the volunteers in Biafra, had captured Wain's idea when he lectured in Zaria, northern Nigeria, before the civil war. The students were so eager to go to school, they'd go through hell or high water. They were writing essays, with roses all over the place.

There came a time to get out of the blood. Trapped in a Zaria demonstration last year, Wain had turned at "a sound like someone chipping wood" and seen in his dreams to death in the ground as police shot.

Now Wain's worried about the new volunteers in Nigeria. "Too many are unable to make a moral judgment," he says. "They don't have enough faith." Having served in Africa, Wain and her are keenly conscious of the gap between developed and underdeveloped nations in western the hands of poor peoples for who growth is. They wonder if CUSO would not be better served lower, more carefully informed volunteers.

And Bagnall's himself says: "We do not have a mandate from any one to suppress, nor do we have the right to act as a catalyst of any revolution. If we are as participatory as we claim to be, let us allow others to do their own thing" in their own time and place.

IN HIS KITCHEN in Don Mills, Wally Pilson says his right to tell of white feminism can. He flips through photographs of the American teenager who started his skinhead bodyguard, and he tells you that this one and that one are at worst one. That was a thing he had encouraged in what he calls "the most revealing two years in a lifetime." Now it's over, it is settled in his conscience, fully, really settled. He pauses and turns the question. "You know," he says, "I'm not sure that two years abroad is enough."

GLOBAL VILLAGERS

'I'm going to kill you, Tarzan'

High Western is a Toronto journalist. He was posted by CUSO in Dar es Salaam to help coordinate a school for Tanzania and with newspapers. The experience opened his eyes to the political situation of the Western volunteers in schools associated with achieving their own social revolution.

MR. DE SALAM — For the well-meaning CUSO volunteers who got off the plane eager to do his bit, his first surprise was to learn that his activism may be suspect. This suspicion is encouraged by the background of the political drama in a country that proclaims it has taken the revolutionary path. "Be vigilant!", "Beach revolutionary!", "No-colonialism agents!" about the headlines.

"I am going to kill you, Tarzan," was the greeting I received from a Tanzanian journalist when he learned that I was beginning a series of newswriting seminars with the reported staff of his newspaper. "What can you teach us? How to murder the poor people of Western? How to corrupt our young girls or take our efforts?"

Borg Canadian don't see change the order of things. I'm a white man and I have to answer for the sins of the white man.

The speaker is tall, bearded, 25. He considers himself a leading member of the revolutionary vanguard — one of the Green Guards of Tanzania. I do not see first physical violence, because the work is to kill me, the symbol, and not the person. He wants to kill the myth of white superiority. "Tarzan" speaks violence of contempt. But the same was over because the group decided a new good teacher to "learn from the enemy."

Many of my CUSO colleagues in Dar es Salaam have made one or two attempts to help the Tanzanian counterparts outside school or after office hours. That practice has now been officially frowned upon by the chairman of the ruling party's youth league.

A Tanzanian felt that all of us while Western do-gooders were to leave, our departure would have a salutary effect on the development

of the country. With the obvious exception removed the concept of the political revolution could be directed toward the real problems of the country. President Julius Nyerere's government obviously disagrees because it keeps asking for more Western teachers, agriculturalists, doctors, computer programmers. Nevertheless, understanding and restraint on the part of CUSO volunteers are preconditions for participation in Tanzania's revolution.

The first understanding is of the meaning of revolution in Tanzania. Although Nyerere has on several occasions agreed with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai's statement that "Africa is not for revolution," it is not machine guns or Red Guard chaos that he is advocating. His revolution means an end to a corrupt system during the 1960s. It means a peasant women with five acres for drinking water. And that his high school students study the history of Tanzania instead of Jane Austen and the structure of local government in Britain.

Given this understanding, there will still be incidents and policies that may put the foreigner in a conflicting position. One British volunteer teacher was expelled for disrespect when he allowed his students to sit down in the shade during a two-hour political address. All foreign teachers have been withdrawn from primary schools to ensure they don't become "leading friends for foreign ideologues," though they're still wanted in higher education.

Some of the teachers felt that the government's decision to rebuild the whole educational framework to ensure the reeducation of students principles a more state to know-how the state in the pursuit of knowledge. But there have been exceptions. That three or four in each school Tanzania decides should be taught. And while the volunteers feel that some of the revolutionary means should not be solutions for Canada, they don't think the Tanzanians are preoccupied when they claim to know better than Canadian volunteers what is appropriate for their own country.

The thing you change may be yourself

A GUSO assignment is a personal adventure for a young Canadian... It may produce changes in the community he's working in, it will certainly bring changes in his own life and outlook. In these letters from the field, volunteers in five nations give you a first-hand glimpse of how this happens.

INDIA: I thought the Guso was a hungry village

A few huts are smaller and less helpless in the dusty village of India's northeast. Maharashtra state because of the catch of polio-health nurse Joyce Kriger, of Toronto, Ontario Joyce Kriger writes.

Then he's ill? (The white lady's coming), the children chant each day as I walk from my cottage through the bazaar to the houses of the villagers. I am an oddity — tall, white, bearded, with long floppy brown hair, the villagers' curiosity about this large white stranger gives me easy access to their homes. I carry eye ointment and warm medicine, a few coppers for bribing family indiscretions, a bag of rice. I walk along an alley with the local family planning worker who interprets for me and we come upon a woman on her porch picking rice from her child's bowl. I ask how the children are, she says her three girls are always sick. Every year there is a new baby and babies are hard; her husband is out in the fields, she is too weak to work. She has heard of the local lady who is a "bad thing" — like a woman that eats away your insides — I demonstrate how the lady works.

MOTHER: "No — children come. They will always come. That is the way."

NURSE: "There are things we can do. Let me come and speak with your husband."

MOTHER: "No, there is no use."

NURSE: "What will you do if you lose another child? There's little enough food now and you are weak."

MOTHER: "We will manage. We will work harder. God will provide."

What is she really thinking? Is she holding fast to her only freedom, to produce children? Does she feel a foreign intrusion on her rights as a mother? Would she trust us more if we could offer her some medicine or free milk powder? To gain the trust of the people, family planning needs to be part of a total health and agricultural program to a greater extent than I can provide in this village. Too often the suspicion fear of the death of their children prevents parents visiting to feed families of 30,000 babies born in India today only 44,000 will grow to be free. Can we induce parents their children can be healthy through the provision of education, immunization, prenatal delivery and postnatal services? Does this mother even realize that the fewer children she has, the better care she can provide? My interpreter's mother repeats:

"Good care" — as forbidding her grandson to wear clean clothes because he might attract the eye with the "hell eye" and be cursed. But change is creeping in in the village. The postmaster, shopkeepers and government servants are not the most part connected to the idea of a small family. They tend to be leaders of the community, capable of influencing others. Change will come.

GUYANA: We were there first "barkers"

Two dozen Amerindian youngsters in the savannah grasslands of Guyana's remote interior have been understanding of the outside world's housing system because of Eugene and Elaine Destrade. GUSO volunteers from St. Michael, Eugene Destrade writes.

It is hard to decide what subjects to teach when you wish to put the needs of the community first and these needs don't necessarily coincide with our North American value system. The people have no materials. For example, a man who had 300 chickens left for two months to get new rubber from banana trees to sell. On his return, he found a neighbor had killed and eaten half the chickens. The man promptly killed the remainder. He said the chickens would continue to be a source of trouble with his neighbor, and the neighbor's friendship was far more important than chickens. Still, we assumed the most important subjects were English, for communication; mathematics (basis of the monetary system) and agriculture. To develop a banking system, all students in the hotel were asked to deposit spending money with us, using a handwritten deposit slip. When money was acquired a withdrawal slip was made out by the student and a helpful account kept.

PERU: We got a sad message from a wrong way girl

Some of the people GUSO volunteers want to help lack the imagination that welcomes change. Effi and Penny Ganser, of Toronto, learned this by watching a girl in front of the radio station they operated in the Peruvian jungle village of Belkatsia. Meres used to nudge upon the girls, enter and knock down the radio antenna by making it open without consent of Meres. Penny Ganser writes.

Some adults and practically all the children are stoned in all their experience. They have obtained it. The bigger ones use brute strength to make it swing in. Little children struggle through or crowd under. Big or little, they stand at the gate and whisper among themselves. They know something is different, but what? It all comes back to what affects imagination. Few experiences are available in this town. All stories after the same goals. All women cook and wash the same way. In actual fact, there is real material to children who copy it down and answer by rote. They've never seen any other way of doing things and this lack of imagination keeps them from shaking the possibilities of other ways. The problem of our gate is the problem of Belkatsia. If you are that cannot offer its children diversified experience.

GHANA: A fertility doll came to our wedding

Chris and Mary Wilkins, teachers from Toronto, married in Ghana. They wished to do it without pretence and yet share it with the students and their town of Korogwe. They call the wedding a happy mixture of traditions. Chris Wilkins writes.

What the bride should wear was a bit of a problem. Many often wear the customary dress — three pieces of the same cloth, a top, a long skirt and a third piece worn over the shoulder or around the waist. For dinner occasions the third piece is pinned and the blouse made from white lace material. This is what we chose. Formal dress for a man in Ghana is the kente cloth, given to a boy when he becomes a man. But the kente represents a man's right to take part in the culture, so I wore a suit. The girls in kente's suits spent the busy morning picking flowers to decorate the church and one child had a bouquet. We invited only a small number of friends, yet there were many people in the church. People were surprised at the fact that we were "European" but not changed by it. Father Yelohi is an Adventist and he composed the wedding service in his own language. Tom, but delivered it in English. The result was a blend of Father's philosophy and Christian ideas we'll always remember. He told us marriage is not like tapping palm trees. The sugar tastes the wine and takes it only if it is sweet. But when you marry you marry for ever. One of the presents from our Ghanaian friends was a fertility doll.

MADRAS: I put clothes on my tribe children

A number of children in one of India's most backward hill tribes have started wearing clothes and going to school. It's because of Miss-Helen Mander, of Oliver, British Columbia, and the assignment to look up town manager at a colony of 25 Pampa tribal families in Madras. Mander writes.

It was apparent that the chances of success of a land conservation scheme would be vastly increased if some of its members could read and write. So when an old Pampa named Kaine asked if his son Velukai could go to school, I had my cue. Shortly I had 25 of the colony's children enrolled in the local public school. I had to agree to become their legal guardian to get them in. But the headmaster didn't like the idea of naked or half-naked Pampa children in his school. I sent an old to deliver headgear to the school, 80 miles of jungle and mountain away. With clothing came lost buttons, torn shirts, broken zippers. Kaine, my helper, and I took shirts at sewing time. Sister, their friends in Canada have helped raise funds for the colony, and the children of Ranch Park Elementary School in Port Coquitlam, BC, have raised \$300 to help start a nursery school for the Pampas.

The girl who wouldn't leave Biafra



One word would have taken her out of that suffering children's ward with the clogged nasal beds jammed against one another and the rooming-up fluorescent covered with instruments, every inch filled with bodies like bundles of shivering, starved and discolored flesh.

That word would have swept her away from the center, put-vocating stink in buildings leech away from the entrance. It would have had her sprinting past the check points along the 25 miles to that speckled 5,000 feet of the Overland-Kings highway that had become the Biafran death-decade highway in Africa — 80 miles from where to the island of San Tiago safety and a jet ride to Toronto and anxious parents.

One word and the wail of the air raid siren the breaking back of the sea-vineyard Biafran and the anxious waiting for the bombs that night or might not come would be left behind.

Why then did Diana North, a 15-year-old nurse from Toronto, over Toronto deliver to say that word and decide to stay on in Biafra — one of only a dozen who were medical people in the midst of an extremely nasty war? An interview with writer Hugh Winson the lady why.

THE REALITY WAS a horror and my contribution in not that outstanding compared to the competent and dedicated Biafrans I work with. But I guess I was what you would call an old-fashioned girl because I believe God has a purpose for each one of us.

After I finished training at Toronto Western Hospital and my nursing-science degree at Queen's, I worked for a while in Canada. I was searching... I didn't want to be a missionary as such but the CUSO program seemed to fit. They offered me a nursing job in eastern Nigeria and I went. That was in 1964 and I finished my one-year term with them in September 1966, which was just when all the trouble was starting in Nigeria.

The Queen Elizabeth Hospital at Umuahia in Biafra offered me a private contract to nurse as acting nursing sister in the nurses' training school (B146 a month before later). I came back in March 1967.

We have been very lucky at the hospital. The Nigerian planes have flown over the hospital many times, but they have never hit it. The closest has been rocket shot two blocks away. In the earlier days we used to run outside when they started firing. We are much more sophisticated now — we stay inside and just tell people to go where they find the safest.

At the Hippo Hospital, which was well stocked, these planes made several reconnaissance passes before they hit it. Fortunately, the doctor in charge saw the planes and got all the patients out onto the bush. The bombs missed the hospital on the first run, then the planes returned with another load.

Bombing the market at Umuahia was equally successful. In the worst week several hundred people were killed and hundreds wounded. I was on duty in the auditor's office when we heard the jets go over and some living Sudanese, the only patients' department was jammed. From then on we didn't stop for three days. Our surgeons performed more than 80 operations in 72 hours. Bodies were stacked three and four high in our courtyard.

The heartening thing was the cool and dedicated way our surgeons kept going. I never have so much respect for all our sophisticated equipment at home again. All these lights and buttons are insignificant compared to the skill of a good man.

One boy of about 13 had the whole side of his jaw blown off and since then they have been making a new chin with skin grafts. They have had to amputate his face by splinting his injured side in a terribly uncomfortable position. It's now been more than three months but I think he will

be able to eat normally once again. Before the war the hospital was modern and well equipped by most standards, but it was designed for 200 beds. Now we are trying to cope with up to 800. Because we are at the center of the relief distributions, we have been comparatively well supplied.

The military casualties are the inevitable by-products of war. It is what is happening to the children that is so shameful and so saddening. God only knows the extent of the damage that has been done and many who survive will bear the marks of this for the rest of their lives.

Often, by the time the children are brought to us, it is too late. Even a well-equipped hospital with modern drugs is futile. There is a limit to what the human body can stand and these little ones are put into shock to respond to resuscitation measures. Many die of diarrhea.

It is amazing how little makes the difference. Often just a few cups of milk will bring back the spirits to those who are dying. I picked up one little fellow at Umuahia, one of the refugees camps I visit, and brought him back to the hospital because I was sure that he wouldn't survive the shock and the rest of his life. He was at least four years old and he weighed less than a normal child of two.

One of the most rewarding experiences in the spirit still is still there. We have been taking along my rifle and, using a live song and telling stories as well as giving out milk food and some basic treatment. I was thrilled when on a second visit to the hospital because I was sure that he wouldn't survive the shock and the rest of his life. He was at least four years old and he weighed less than a normal child of two.

Another aspect of this work is evident when I saw a mother with a virus took away the body of her son who had just died. Without a word, she said, "Go well, and may your spirit protect the rest." The little boy's sister didn't realize what was happening, however, and the father had to restrain her from wailing the name.

We have attempted to carry on as much like normal as possible. We have continued the nursing-training program and, in fact, have absorbed 80 student nurses from hospitals that had to be abandoned during the fighting.

As far as I am concerned, it is the people who had to leave who are the unlucky ones. Many other Canadians didn't want to leave but were forced to by the Canadian High Commission because they were with CUSO or on government contracts.

I was the lucky one because I was able to stay and help. □

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a whole lot of quonoms. Once I've started writing I don't want to take time on myself. For Jayson, Shari did some of the original research. The only thing that bothers her is that I put on a big picture of a person of a. She was up all night watching people run the road and I think the reference to that in Jayson runs to two or three lines. Also, she's a good critic of my useless and my work.

Halley: Interesting. I asked the president of an automotive company that the other day, "I'm not sure that I really know a lot of us, in-house officers. We want to do what we enjoy — playing polo, creating a building or a book or what ever. I don't know what drives me."

Mrs. Hakey: It certainly isn't financial reward.

Hallgren: Not at the point, no. It is at one point, for everybody. A question of survival. But it is never the only thing. **Marinovich:** It's a question to do with your emotional makeup? Are you a compulsive person?

Mrs. Hallgren: Yes, you're very complimentary.

Mailey: I like to set priorities. I like to get things done. I like to have fun. I walk out of [his office on Friday afternoon and don't] come in again until Monday.

Madness's Art you trying to change things with your books, make the world

Hillery: Absolutely not. I am stunned by the here and now. I am fascinated by everyday life. I can't open the morning paper without spring sheets, flow sheets which are possibilities for money. I like to outstrip the excitement of the here and now as far as of a story. The word I like most is applied to myself a storyteller. It's what I am do. If I can provide a few hours of relief, escapism if you like, from the pressures of the world, I'm happy.

Maclean's Are you trying to write best-sellers?

Haley: No. If I tried I think I would fall flat on my face. What I do is pick a

subject which interests me and do the best I can.

Medline: Are you tall of yourself?
Haley: No I have periods of great doubt. After *Navy* I was very nervous about Airport. Writers never have it made, of course. You're only as good as the next thing you do.

Marlene's. Are there any embryo workers in your family?

Baker: I wouldn't be surprised if I am. I'm headed for gymkhana. Steven is much more interested in machines and cars racing, and we're actively encouraging that. Doree... we don't know yet. Sean is outside the door at this moment. He has just pushed a piece of paper under the door. Steven, will you please wait until we're finished? [He removed the note.] "Can I get some wood on the power saw?" Steven, how do you spell "name"?

Hallie: That's not what you've got there

Wink: That's why he's going to be an agent. ☐



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'69/The year of the great Pontiac break away!



Fabricity-ally, the band from Big Pink look like "the sort of surrealistic image you'd find in a far-western comic" in their photo. From left: Robbie Robertson, Danko, Garth Hudson, Rick Danko and Levon Helm

COLOR THEM BIG PINK

Pioneers? In a way. They're the band from Big Pink, and they have launched the new "Canadian sound" in rock

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

SOMER OR LATER, the reaction had to be in mainstream, a musical medium that has made a fetish of country, was beginning to absorb with pleasure. Even the most's least-critical

followers were becoming slightly mesmerized with all the grandiosity that had created the field. Just Hawks was growing risk-pooling folk and country. The Hawks, of all people, were getting precious and repulsive.

Even the rock conventions of the rock scene were becoming tiresome: every group had to invent a fresher name than the one before, wear frunkier clothes and devote their exuberance — with stunts, bagpipes, obnoxious, anything just so long as it was new. This same obsession with novelty, along with the loss of moral seriousness that you always get when too many scholars and parents get interested in popular culture, is precisely what killed just a decade or so ago. By last summer, it was beginning to look as though rock's fall was displaying the same machinist symptoms.

And then came the Reformation. It started with such people as Peter Townshend of The Who proving the fine wholesome randomness of Bill Haley, Elton Freely and Pat Donno, rock's early products in the 1950s. The trend expanded last summer when Bob Dylan after a year of withdrawal into the wilds of apocryphal New York following a motorcycle accident, issued *John Wesley Harding*, an album whose warlike, courted sound contrasted strongly with the mid-century excesses of urban rock.

Finally, last summer, the trend back to rock's country- and western roots was confirmed with the release of an album by the five musicians gathered on the facing page. It was called *Miser From Big Pink* and — through this country underground consensus that dominates what is moving in rock's — and what is not — the album was instantly recognized as the rock record of 1968. The music was so gentle, so original, so honest, so unadorned, there was no questioning its importance.

Big Pink was the beginning of a trend that could rescue rock music from its own wretched excesses — the fusion of rock & roll with what used to be called cowboy music. If you need a label (and now less as the energy in the ground isn't called Country Rock. In spiritual capital in Nashville, home of The Grand Ole Opry, its trends are modest, simplicity and an aversion to grandiosity. Its cul-

ture, seven months after the album's release, now dominates the rock scene. As a gift to a gangster club in Fort Worth, the boys' career, even, took turn staying up all night guarding their equipment. In West Helena, Arkansas, they witnessed an incredible brawl between three referees and a well-dressed man, even, upon being provoked took after an attack with a whiffing McCallach then saw. According to Kansas headlines, the young man died on the bar, and sold them and a good portion of the redneck's and police arrive.

Helena is a fantastic about releasing. And so, by the time his grandpa struck out on their own in Leaven and The Hawks, they were famously disciplined musicians. Bob Dylan heard about them in 1965, and invited them to become his sidemen.

When Dylan broke his neck in the summer of 1966 and helped up in Woodstock, New York, to recover, Leaven and The Hawks arrived with him, rehearsing as ugly punk bachelors in nearby West Saugerties. There, with a purity of purpose that was enhanced by their tacit understanding, they that themselves off from the world, they alone, even late to the top of the radio — and then a year evolving something that one only be achieved through serious discipline, they made the very unlikely sound very easy.

They refused to invent a name for what they'd created. They're simply "the band" (the lower-case is definite) because that's how the neighbors refer to them. The group's entrance is an even more dignified analogue of their own Canadian roots. When they pose for photographs (which is seldom — so are interviews) they manage, without affectation, to look like the sort of minimal image you'd find in a far-western comic.

For straight people (like me) who dig Dylan and The Beatles, but who simply haven't time to keep up with the endless proliferation of rock & roll, listening to *Miser From Big Pink* has the rewarding experience. It's the kind of record that doesn't grab you immediately — the band doesn't trick like a tricky tune. But once you've played it, say, four or five times, you're hooked. It reminds you of the cowboy music of nearly every Canadian's youth (even Don Messer parodies of that honorable tradition) as soothing it flows. It grows on you.

There are serious moments, but not recklessly so. "We take our music just seriously enough to enjoy it," says Robbie Robertson, "enough so that we can make it our mother when we're through playing."

And if you get past that, then they would sit down and listen to you. As a gift to a gangster club in Fort Worth, the boys' career, even, took turn staying up all night guarding their equipment. In West Helena, Arkansas, they witnessed an incredible brawl between three referees and a well-dressed man, even, upon being provoked took after an attack with a whiffing McCallach then saw. According to Kansas headlines, the young man died on the bar, and sold them and a good portion of the redneck's and police arrive.

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THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO 14

Our family was so poor that standing people in India and in China packages. My family is so rich that even their animals have servants.

Whatever happened to good old-fashioned lies like those — "Mushrooms whoop-ers intended to scare rather than comfort?" It strikes us we hear too many sophisticated, carefully put type lies these days, and every one of us would be a better person for it if we could still tell — and laugh at — such simple out-right lies. To help restore the old-fashioned lie to its rightful place in our folklore, *Merlin's* series readers with questions for the 1910s to compose ten of 20 words or less, beginning "We were so poor that..." or "We were so rich that..."

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO 13
Readers were asked to write parodies of the old money riddles.

What are jelly pots made of?
What are jelly pots made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice —
That's what the jelly pots are made of.

This challenge produced many a vibrant lay, including some clever lines that sounded all too poorly, and others, less clever, that seemed concocted on the basis of rip-off-for-the-people. Out of a mass round-robin of readers, the judges decided to award equal prizes of \$10 apiece to:

What are paper made of?
What are paper made of?
Encyclopedia and all that isn't covered by
pills —
That's what paper are made of.

What are bus drivers made of?
What are bus drivers made of?
Back to the bus, back to the bus —
That's what bus drivers are made of.

What are windows made of?
What are windows made of?
Windows and air and invisible rays —
That's what windows are made of.

What are fireworks made of?
What are fireworks made of?
Comets and fire and W.A.C. —
That's what fireworks are made of.

What are burrows made of?
What are burrows made of?
Burrows and worms and invisible forms —
That's what burrows are made of.

John Graham, Scarborough, Ont.



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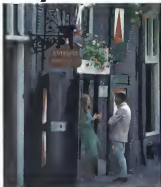
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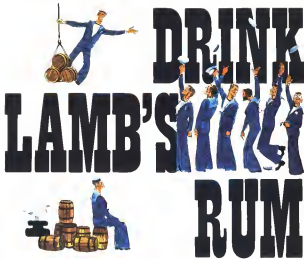
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SUCCESS CAN'T SPOIL BOBBY ORR -IT WORRIES HIM TOO MUCH



Little Nahant—next best thing to Parry Sound—is Orr's hideaway from fame

There was music in the humdrum at the Boston Garden station of the Metropolitan Toronto Authority it was late on a Sunday night in November and the million of fans coming out of the ugliest arena in the National Hockey League moved quickly apart, to take the platform. They always play on-tempo music at the Garden when the Bruins win. And the fans seem to move with a special rhythm on a night when Bobby Orr is playing his game, and they talk in "dubya." "Dubya" is that little "duh" sound, a youth in a Boston University jacket was explaining to his girl friend "Dubya" see him set up that goal?"

They were agitated "dubya" because on this night 20-year-old Bobby Orr—the people of Parry Sound, Ont.,

once again delighted 14,655 aficionados. His opponents were the Chicago Black Hawks and on the first period Bobby Hull scored for the visitors. But the fans could tell this would be Orr's night because he was dithering around the ice like a water bug on a pond. At least his knees felt good and, given time, he'd work toward the Chicago goal.

"It's always nervous in the first few minutes," he explained, "but after I get hit—or I hit somebody—I start moving."

On this night it took him 21 minutes of playing time to start moving. It happened after Pat Stapleton of the Black Hawks was whistled down for a penalty. Bruins coach Harry Sinden, who appears young enough to be

Orr's brother, looked down the bench. Orr looked back. There was no need for words. Orr heaved himself atop the boards, leaped over and skated hard to his position at the blue line.

The puck was dropped. It skinned to Orr. His stick curved back in an arc, then cracked against the rubber and it flew on a straight trajectory over the rim of Chicago goalie Denis DeSjardis. It was in the net and the score was tied, 1-1. Less than five minutes later Dallas Smith of the Bruins passed the puck to Orr. With one shot Orr brushed aside Pat Martin of Chicago as if he were taking a fly off his wrist. He was fortunate. Ed Westfall camped alone near the net. There was a quick pass, a shot a goal. The Bruins were ahead to stay in a game they eventually would win 5-3.

Like so many nights at Boston Garden, this one belonged to Orr. He wore a huge, contorted grin as he dressed and explained the post-making plays to reporters. He looked like an old cat of disorderly quarters. The glowering black hair curved slightly down his brow. He wore a red-and-blue-striped tie that dipped into the recesses of his new grey suit with blue pen stripes. This was Bobby Orr, the wunderkind of hockey, the best defenseman in the NHL, savior of the Boston Bruins and highest-paid player in the world. At a glance, you'd never know that this man has problems.

His problems stem from a fact remarked by his hometown chum, Bob (Rower) Holmes, who was visiting Boston on this night. "You can take Bobby out of Parry Sound," said Holmes, "but you can't take the Parry Sound out of Bobby."

It's true. Orr, hockey's newest Golden Boy, is a victim of his success. He worries that stories of his \$400,000 contract will disturb the Bruins' morale. He fears adoring fans will fill an arena just when he plays poorly. He cherishes the small-town life of Parry Sound and desperately tries to match it in Boston. He wonders whether his fragile knees, so often under surgery, will carry him through another season.

I was asked when I came into this league," he said, "and I'm scared now."

He is not really frightened but rather concerned, just as he would be concerned at home in Parry Sound if somebody denounced him as a "big shot." The consequences were apparent at the start of the season when his defense partner, Ted Green, walked out on the Bruins and threatened to retire unless management renegotiated

his contract. Orr obviously was the cause of Green's displeasure.

Green, who in his robust way is a valuable member of the Bruins, had a point. If Orr is worth \$400,000, why shouldn't Green, who is at least half the player Orr is, be worth \$200,000? Other Boston players could have used the same argument and Orr knew it. As he walked through the dark recesses of Boston Garden after the game with Chicago, Orr talked of his concern about disunion on the team.

"I'd rather give those players my money," he said while signing autographs and trying to make his way

Orr worries that his record \$400,000 contract may stir disunion among his teammates. "I'd rather give away the money than have unhappiness on the team"



to the parking lot near the Charles River. "Yeah, I'd rather give away the money than have any unhappiness on the team. That is, if there is any unhappiness. I don't know if there is, or was, or if there is, I'd just go to sleep and not know about it."

Fans followed Orr and his friend Hines and the reporter all the way to the parking lot and the 1966 white hardtop. Orr glanced the accidenter. "Let's get outta here," he said, "I hate the city. The fact is, except for Toronto, I'd never been in a big city until I came to Boston. And if I stayed here in Boston, I'd never get any privacy, the people recognize the players. I couldn't stand living in an apartment that's why we took a place on the ocean."

He turned the car north through Summer Tunnel, then past Upper Ar-

This is the super life, about as much privacy as I can get," says Orr of the record income he gets for shares during the playing season in remote Little Nahant, north of Boston. Above, Orr (wearing camera) with Boston teammates Ted Green, left, Eddie Johnson and Gary Doak.

BY STAN FISCHER

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK EDWARDS

BOBBY ORR

port, along Route 107 to Leno, then a sharp right turn at Leno Street. Now he was on the driveway called Nabant Road that leads to the home of Little Nabant, which sits out onto the Atlantic just north of Boston Bay. He stopped the car in front of the three-bedroom house he shares with John Forrester, the Bruins' assistant trainer, and teammate Gary Dock. The house sits on the tip of Massachusetts Bay, facing the harbor's town of Salem and Gloucester.

"This," he said, filtering sand through his fingers as if it were gold dust, "is the upper life. I walk out the door, I'm on the sand, I'm on the lobster boat and head into Crispin, that's upper. This is about as much privacy as I can get."

But the house in Little Nabant is only a temporary sanctuary. Twice a week he reports for the games at Boston Garden and then there are problems — and always the fans who are as ready to pounce home as put him as the back. The butcher, the accountant and the welder who are lucky to make \$10,000 in any year expect promotion from the kid with the \$900,000 contract.

"I've gotten a few shots," he said, shrugging out on the living-room sofa. "The fans I had with Bruce Cousineau last year got me a lot of trouble."

That was the time Cousineau, then a member of the Maple Leafs, closed Orr on the ice with his stick. Orr pulled a shoulder, brought him down with a flurry of blows and kept flailing away. It resulted with the fans because it went on so long — they don't see Orr as a bully. A misbegotten quote or a misplaced pun in the media and the letters come pouring at him.

"One of their favorite lines," Orr went on. "Is 'Who the fuck are you, getting that kind of money when other players deserve paid to make?' A girl once wrote me that, but she said the girl to put her name and address on the envelope. At least I could write her back. I tried to tell her that all the love in the world won't pay my bills."

He got up and walked to the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and poured himself a glass of beer. "Another fellow wrote me and said I'm a fuck of a guy and the Bruins are a great hockey team, so would I please send him five

dollars. That was early in December. Next day I wrote him back that I make a policy not to send money in the mail. A week later he writes me again and says, 'The Bruins still are a great hockey team but you don't have any Christmas spirit.'"

The buds are not confined to Boston. A woman in New York for years outstayed herself behind the poultry box, afraid with a strong voice and soaring vocabulary. "She would really give it to me," said Orr, "especially after I had it out with Reg Fanning, a heavily decorated war hero and opposition fan who bother me. The best thing is to get the book out of the risk as fast as I can. A wise guy might come along and give me the business. I can't tell him — not that I would — but if I start trouble I'll only get in more trouble and they'll all think I'm a wise guy."

He was tired and begged off to go to sleep. The team had a day off the next day, and he and Horner would talk, relax and trade stories when he got to the rink. Orr was up at 11 a.m. and on the phone at 11:30. It was his lawyer, Alan Eagleson, calling from Toronto. Eagleson, founder of the NHL Players' Association, helped negotiate Orr's contract and handles all his business. Orr owns a car wash, some land near Toronto, and co-owns a sports camp near Orillia, Ont., with Mike Wilton of the Toronto Maple Leafs and ex-leaflet trainer Bob Hart. After finishing the phone conversation Orr made it clear who handles the business problems.

"Every once in a while Al will call and tell me he's bought something for me, and I'll say, 'Al, that's great. Why not? We're quite close, and he's put a lot of money in my pocket.'"

Now, Eagleson was considering second bids by publishers to have a book about Orr's life by a sportswriter, but with Orr's byline on the cover. It would be helpful to Orr, but Eagleson suggested there was no point standing on the book until it was certain Orr's legs would stand up through this season. They agreed to wait. Orr clearly isn't so concerned about the book as he is about his knees and his hockey.

"Crispin," he said after leaving his fishing line into the ocean, "there's no smart way to make a living, that's playing hockey. Mind you it's rough, but it's what I want most. It's just a question of the knees holding up. Some people say I'm brittle. I don't know if I'm brittle or not. But I'd like to find out if there are any tests

around that'll tell me whether I am brittle."

If he does turn out to be a fragile hockey player he will remain here and become an active partner with his brother Ron in the family spring-goods store. To some players exposed to the big-city life, returning home would be undeniably — Montreal's Fred Robert, for one, makes New York his year-round base — but Orr finds center Orlin's appealing.

"Only 6,000 people in Parry Sound," he said, "but that's where the good life is. Plenty of beer, pork and beer, right on Georgian Bay. We've got the cabin on an island in the bay. Paid 130 bucks for it and we've had a helluva dollar's worth of laughs. Horner's got a dog that drinks from the pot, a dog that keeps running away from home. The people are great. But mainly I love it because it's small, there's no traffic, no noise."

The best he can do to appreciate this life is rent the house in Little Nabant and talk reasons when he parents, brother Ron and Doug and sisters Pat and Penny visit Maple Leaf Gardens. As he walked back to the house he remembered that the Bruins would be waiting Toronto in a week and there would be a big Orr get-together, but that his next business would be with the Philadelphia Flyers on Wednesday night. This turned out to be Orr's game again. He helped guard the Bruins to a 3-1 win over the visitors.

And when it was over the NTA subway tunnels seemed to be singing again and the pulsant rock was waiting for Orr outside the dressing room. "The way Bobby's played," a fan in a cowboy jacket said, "he could be mayor of this town."

Patently, obviously, Orr signed the program and the eight-to-10 glossy photo-album by a sportswriter who suggested he wanted him to run for mayor. Orr laughed. "I'll tell you I'll always go back to Parry Sound."

A half-hour later he grabbed his way back to his car. A companion asked him if all the cheering and singing bothered him. He said it didn't, the fans are paying his salary and he respects them. "Look at it this way," he said, looking north for Little Nabant. "I could write a story and I can't fix a tire. I eat the same food as every body else and I chase girls just the way other guys do. I'm really no different than anybody else, except the sometimes I get my name in the paper." □

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3 DESIGNING MODELS

Those girls you see shopping in department stores wearing a ton of make-up and finger-thick eyelashes are probably not professional models in spite of the impression they make. Their models, the best of them, are much too busy with real things to tangle around with a lot of slap on their faces, as they so deprecatingly refer to make-up. They wear very personal clothes that are either in the vanguard of what's happening in fashion, or inspired fads. The young models on these pages are among the busiest in their profession. We asked each to design outfits that best reflect her personality. What we got were intriguing insights into real women who are all too often considered mere clothes horses — glamorous, but not much else.

DEBORAH THOMPSON, 22, is from Vancouver, a language major at university who got into modeling because, she says, "My father suggested that, rather than being a chemist!" She enjoys picking up envelopes, juggling, all sorts of odd bits and pieces and wearing them. At left is one of her favorite looks... an antique, men's vest and corset, shirt with a pair of trousers she designed. What she really wants to do is own property. Lots of it, on Burnside Road and live there with her cats and a pet duck. He is her, Miss Beanie, loves.

PRODUCED BY
MARJORIE HARRIS
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3 DESIGNING MODELS continued

LUCIUS DRAKE, 19, made it to the top at the Toronto modelling Establishment in just under a year. "The only reason I'm modeling is so I can make enough money to paint!" She was born in South Africa, lived in San Francisco and went to art school there, came to Toronto to join a dance group and, boom, right into what is considered one of the most prominent modeling careers around. Her choices reflect the dramatic split in her personality: the aggressive capable girl who owns her own clothes, rushes from job to job on her scooter in tailored almost masculine outfits; and the soft quiet a quality she brings to her work, her painting and her poetry. ☐



DONNA SAUNDERS, 24, is with her daughter April. "I feel these outfits express a certain line of thought I had when I designed them. I like sequins, metallics, satins, soft leather all in pastels or colors. At the time I guess I was in a seductive mood. I feel the outfit quite a lot." She's been modeling for years because she says, "I could support myself and my two children it takes little time and the money's good! But I hate it, unless it's a job that really says something — that doesn't happen too often." Her obsession is acting. She won the Best Actress award at the Montreal Film Festival for her part in the 1983 *Prohibe* and now that the children are getting older, she'll spend more and more of her time as it goes by. ☐

Style by Dean, Hair: Patricia Thibault





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IN SO MANY WAYS THE FINEST

She was a girl nobody noticed...until she proved that

ANYONE CAN STEAL A MILLION

BY ALAN EDMONDS

KATHLEEN ANN SPILLER looks like all the computer operators and fat-sofies and book-worms you have dealt with, but never really seen. She is 26. Her hair is short and messy-blond now because they don't give color rinses in jail. Her face is angular rather than pretty, and so is her figure. "She's average bluh," says a boy she went to school with.

She used to be so unsure of herself she couldn't bring herself to play the piano in front of her own music teacher, Esther Whittaker, who tried to teach her music theory. "She never did grasp the fundamentals of music," says Mrs. Whittaker. "But she's had more confidence since we all saw people begin to notice her. Besides, she bought a Steinway baby grand for \$7,500 out of the money she got. She's been working very hard at private trying to learn this. Any of Mrs. Whittaker's all the way through."

NOTHING ABOUT Ann Spiller or her last loved up to the economy of it all. The solitary courtroom in Preston, British Columbia, is starkly furnished — the law goes on modestly reflected from its drab-colored walls. In the dock, Ann Spiller looked strangely shrunken, and her clothes were fittingly subdued: hardly the best of her 168-ounce wardrobe. And then there was the charge itself, contrary to section 269, sub-section 1A, of the Criminal Code of Canada, of money, exceeding \$50.

To wit, half a million dollars. Fifty dollars lifted from the till, and Ann Spiller would have been a sticky little sneak thief. But \$492,000 stolen from the Royal Bank of Canada at the corner of Main and Nassau, over four glasses, music, speed-dial youth.

They were noticing Ann Spiller now. When her one was finally heard



Ann Spiller was a \$73-a-week bank clerk with expensive tastes—and the talent for satisfying them: she stole \$492,000 and fooled an entire town.

on November 1, the court and corridors were crisscrossed with people. The average man hours for 49 years and some \$200,000 before dying is debt. Ann Spiller, 573-a-week taller in a modest branch of Canada's biggest bank, had an income of twice that much in four years, and spent it, every penny. Three months (or was it four?) and a while — a new car for Dad on Father's Day — weekends in Portugal — a wild ride to Fiji, with friends — a \$17,000 diamond ring for weekdays, with a bigger one for last — and those 24-hour gold-plated taps in the marble-walled bathroom — "It was almost a beautiful thing, what she did," says Gary Lutz, her friend the hairdresser.

Ann had fully spending the money, mostly from Princess (Barbie) Shubert, the 44-year-old clerk with whom she lived. But then Barbie says the lady's "knew it was stolen money, so it is Ann Spiller who has become almost an anti-heroine in Preston (page 16,000) and the Okanagan Valley. Somehow she managed the debt, and in source, transcended all serious moral apprehensions. "We'll have to revise our profit figures for next year," says the grinning man from the Bank of Canada, where Ann spent thousands on furniture. Says Roy Ashton, whose dress shop is a few doors from the bank, "I think everyone would have liked part of the action, but Ann only bought underclothes — very plain ones — but Ann and Barbie bought most of their clothes at Madeline Ruggie's in Vancouver." Ruggie's is the sort of place where a class-conscious skirt and top ends around \$125. Ann did a lot of her shopping in Vancouver.

Besides, they were thoughtful. Mrs. Phyllis Matheson, 66-year-old widow of a United Church minister, lived next door to Ann and Barbie. She says they "were very nice neighbors, which is why I am so sad about their

ANN SPILLER *continued*

troubles. Every morning before they went to work they would put their newspapers in my box so I didn't have to buy them for myself."

Ann Spiller's status can, perhaps, be measured in the almost adoring mythology that has grown up about her actions. She did not, for instance, have color TV in her Cadillac, or 1,500 bottles of Pinuch champagne in her house. But the truth is harder to find: the Royal Bank, concluding that Ann's banking habits are bad publicity, demanded that she refuse to talk to reporters. Her lawyer, trying to reach a tentative agreement with bank officials, forbade her to do so.

After pleading guilty to theft and to falsifying accounts with intent to defraud, she was arrested on September 20, and released on bail while bank officials tried to work out how she had done it. Finally, her case was heard on November 1 by Magistrate R. D. Collier, a 34-year-old lawyer with a reputation for leniency.

Brian Weddell, a justice plumping them, was prosecutor. He said the had stolen the money between January 3, 1966, and September 20, 1967, by means that required "a high degree of skill and competency." They had, he said, traced everything but \$48,000 "and the majority of it all seems to have been put — well, spent. There would not seem to be any large depository accounts anywhere in which money has been secured."

DEER LEADS, *continued* Gary Lane whose name used to be Vase, the known bartender at The Carnation House when it first was in vogue. "Everyone figures I'm the international courier who took stacks of money over to Switzerland and sold it away." Gary, 34, was in Switzerland when the two girls were arrested. "My friend and I felt it had a responsibility to come back and prove I am not the sort of person people thought I was," he says. The RCMP met him at Vancouver airport, detained and questioned him but released him. "If I were a money courier I wouldn't be here now," says Gary. Besides, he had left the Mustang Mustangs Area bought him in Portland.

ANN SPILLER'S LAWYER, Fred Berhart, is a lean, wiry man. Like Waddell, he is a contradiction of the image of the slow, small-town lawyer. He said it was not sophisticated theft, but "the simplest of simple procedures."

The facts were there to be seen in the books every day of every week of every month of every year. But the bank would not look. Instead of \$500,000, we should be talking about \$5,000. We are talking of the astronomical sum because of a basic breakdown and failure in the internal systems of this branch of the Royal Bank."

Most of the money, he said, was stolen in the past year, most of it in the same simple way, which, in oversimplification, went like this:

Ann Spillar would make out cheques for outrageous sums — \$10,000, \$10,000, more perhaps — drawn on the account into which her \$3,800-a-year salary was paid. Those cheques would be honoured by other banks provided they were not honoured by the Royal Bank. They weren't.

How did Ann do it? She intercepted her cheques, "helped" the bank clerks and fiddled the books.

As proof of this, Ann was first to handle all cheques drawn on her branch when they arrived from the clearing house each morning. She would destroy her own cheque. Then, if her cheque were for, say, \$10,000, she would add this sum to the total drawn that day from the branch's current accounts. She would enter this inflated figure in the general ledger, the master-accounts book where any dishonesty is supposed to show.

She would then sort the remaining cheques and give them to girls who kept separate ledgers for Savings, Personal Cheques and Current accounts. Later, these girls would make entries in the general ledger, and thus any discrepancy between Ann Spiller's figures and those should have shown up. But on the days she had handled one of her own cheques, Ann Spiller would often make the general-ledger entries for the Current-accounts girl. The girl would sleep and Ann would then add her \$10,000 to the separate Current-accounts total, enter it in the ledger and — presto! — the new figure tallied with the old one she had already entered, that way.

THE TWO SIDES of Ann's calculating that — or simple girl, unobtrusively emptied by the magnitude of the bank? Is the answer depended the essence of the substrate.

*There was a high degree of est.

confusion, ordering her position of trust," said Wendell. She survived all normal internal audits and two spot bank inspections, one in 1966 when she had taken only \$66,000, the other in July 1967, when her offer of help was accepted by the inspectors and placed her in a position to fiddle the books again. "She covered the rest of the employees."

LOSS GATHIN now works at the Salsbury store as a cashier, but she used to work with Ann. "She was a nice girl, but shrewd," says Loss. "She would always come to baby and wedding showers. She was always the one we asked to buy the present for all of us. She had good taste. When I got married she bought me a little crystal salt-and-pepper set. It's an expensive thing. No, I don't think she ever spent more than we contributed."

FELO MENDANT was just swinging into stride in his version of the Story of Anne. She was, and Herbert, the eldest of the three children of a fruit grower of modest means. She suffered from softness and screams, and missed a lot of school. She had been unable to finish the academic program at Penitentiary High, had graduated from grade 12 only in the commercial program. She played the bank only because the kids' been able to cope with her first job, as an insurance office.

"I AM VERY ANGRY with Fred Herbert," says Principal H. D. Pritchard. "He makes it sound as though there's only one kind of education worth a damn. She wasn't a girl for university but that doesn't mean she was a quack. She was an above-average student. She was not a great dancer."

"High school is a jungle for unsure kids, and if a girl doesn't get letters, she's dead. Aun didn't get dates," says Bruce Rowland, who was with Aun in Bert White's bookkeeping class. She also attended the lunchtime meetings of the Interscholastic Christian Fellowship with Pearl Zapomote, who is short where Aun is tall, and gregarious and talkative where Aun is quiet and shy. In grade-12 bookkeeping Aun got a C-minus.

As a result of the disease, he described, ataxia and tremors, Ann Spiller was lacking several co-ordinations. Fred Harbert said "A friendship sprang up between her and Miss Shalen. Miss Shalen had an alcohol problem and Miss Spiller set out to help her, and they started teaching together."

Like her father, Zephaniah, Bambi Shalun is also short and forthright and program. She is the daughter of a California Pentecostal preacher who is also a butcher. She came to Canada in 1962 when she worked in a meat-and-bone factory. She was rooming with Esther Whitaker and Esther's father when she first met Ann, then 17 years old. Bambi was an occupier person, says Esther. "She ate too much and was plumper than she is now. And she took to drinking. That alone comes across as a warning sign." But Bambi was of the same faith. She recognized Bambi as a butcher and she set about reforming her with a missionary zeal, and what's more, she succeeded.

After a nervous moment over her father's disapproval, Bambi moved her two-bedroom house in Naranjo, a cluster of houses on Olveraquia Lake 70 miles outside Princeton. She and Bambi lived there quietly for two years, until the day they were ordered, by a local pastor, to leave the country, leaving her mother.

AGAN AND AGAN lived Herbert made the point: it could not have happened if the Royal Bank had maintained a proper internal audit. "At first Miss Spiller got into a certain amount of debt and in the slovenly manner of unbusiness she started stealing sums of money — five, 10, 15 dollars — intending to pay it back. She didn't

"She was living in a constant state of terror, expecting the bank to catch her any minute"

"A year or so passed and she was living in a constant state of terror, expecting the hawk to catch her any minute. Finally, she started living in a complete dream world and adopted the policy of the condemned man facing the gallows tomorrow: eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow I will be caught. The straitened, meaningless way she spent every last plugged nickel of it shows how desperately she wanted to be caught."

It wasn't until 1968 that Ann got greedy. By March 1968, 15 months after she began stealing, she had only stolen \$18,000. In the nine months before she was caught, she took almost \$100,000.

At first, she spent the money mostly on furniture and travel. The first year,

tative trips into the world of the jet set were to Vancouver, where the two Miss Stubbs first shared in standard \$10-a-day rooms at the Bayshore Inn, then graduated through \$75-a-day suites to the hotel's International Suite, a rather oppressively plush two-bed-room apartment on the 15th floor that

For Ann and her friends:
\$30,000 for six cars.
For her home: gold-
plated bathroom fittings

costs \$300 a day, including valet, in which Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Mary Martin and Queen Juliana of the Netherlands have stayed when visiting Vancouver.

The trips grew more strenuous. They went to Hawaii perhaps a dozen times. Once Ann took two friends, a local industrialist and a beauty-salon owner, on a jaunt around the South Pacific, stopping off in Australia, New Zealand and Fiji. "I'm not so young as I used to be," Banks complained to her friend Esther Winkler a couple of years ago. "I'm fed up with all that flying around the

"Miss Spiller was a very sophisticated traveler," says Mrs. McMeekin, manager of Hans Luft's travel bureau on Main Street. "She knew where she wanted to go and she went." She took her annual holidays for long trips, bank-holiday weekends, for flying visits. "Some of her passengers were a little whimsical," admits Don Gormert, the local Canadian Pacific agent. Including one weekend in London, England.

At first, they shared a Ford Mercury station wagon, but last spring Ann got Barb a \$40,000 Burgundy Thunderbird and bought herself a \$22,900 green Cadillac Eldorado with every possible extra, except the \$130 seat warmer. Ann used to park the Cadillac in the bank's parking lot, just behind Manager R. L. Duncan's rather basic sedan.

She bought her father a Plymouth Valiant for Father's Day. She bought her business friend Gary Lane a \$5,000 Mustang fastback — or at least, he says she paid for most of it after he produced the down payment. In all, she bought six cars for around \$30,000, and when arrested she had just made a \$6,000 deposit on a Lincoln Continental Mk III — list price, with all options \$10,700. Presumably it was to be a spare car. At weekends Ann used luxury cars around Narbonne, as

rusty old bikes, steering their five dogs.

By the spring of 1968 she had decided on some house improvements. She had a wing and an extra bathroom built on the bungalow. The bathroom had walls of imported green Venetian marble. There was a sunken bathtub. The taps and other fixtures were 24-karat gold-plated, though while awaiting trial Aun angrily denied a rumor that the flushing lever on the toilet was also gold. There was also a hand-cut crystal chandelier in the bathroom, one of three in the house. A steam bath was installed. The house was refurbished.

"It's not true that the boys, that they were the only ones who were so interested in the whole house. There were," says Mrs. Barbara Fifield, the middle-aged widow who was the Friday-morning charity for 18 months. "Two boys, but not three different. Though he did have three different stoves while I was there. And used to do most of the cooking and housework, and Raoul did the outside things like the garbage and garden. And couldn't read because of his asthma, but these wasn't much else anyway. Neither of them cooked. They were nice to me and always left me their movie magazines."

The home improvements cost \$65,000. Furniture cost \$130,000, she included \$6,000 for carpets and \$15,000 for otherwise, crystal glassware and a Royal Crown Derby object set at \$15 a piece among, \$35,000 for a custom-built stereo in a hand-carved teak cabinet and \$1,300 for color television. Neither Ann Spiller nor Barni Shalvi drank much. On their frequent nights out at Peninsula's two best restaurants, the Pilgrim House and the Sardine, they would drink one or two whiskey sours or Van Gogh aperitif, rarely more, even when with friends. Even so, they were about 150 bottles of wine and liquor in the house. Half of it was either Peter Handcock champagne, or other imported wines.

The house was possessed by the Royal Bank when Ann was arrested. It still looks abjectly modest, a brown-painted wooden house on a tiny corner lot surrounded by a six-foot fence, guarded by gates with a pusher-phone system and electronic-latch lock. (By the garage hangs a signplate. Below the names Shelia and Spiller are Princess, Chloé, Matt, Miki, Lon, Frances in a Script. The other four are Schmoesers, all crossed

In April, Ann engaged hairdresser Jane, who also lives in Narara, to do her hair and Miss Shuter's make-

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A-46

starting before they went to work. He also called at the home each evening to touch up his morning's handiwork. "Ann was extremely interested in becoming a lady and in being attractive," says Lane. "Before Ann died — and I consider she has now — she was happy to show each test tube. Her jewelry was magnificent. She had one earring that was 32 karats, and her diamonds were perfect. I was her friend. We took her out of place in this beautiful town." Lane says he twice went on trips with Ann, once to Vancouver, where she bought him a \$1,000 summer wardrobe and a "simply magnificent diamond ring."

TOWARD THE end of his plea for Magnate Collier's clearance, Fred Herbert wound poetry. "Despite the lavish life he has lived, she has also lived a Life Of A Thousand Hellos," he said. "She has married on glowing gold, and was not interested in big diamonds. She told me the hell she did and she wants to and this hell she has been living."

In fact, Ann called Fred Herbert the day before she was arrested — when she knew that a new member of the staff stumbled on the device and would probably discover where it had gone. She afterward told friends that she could have control on the thefts even then, "but I couldn't bear it any more."

AND WHEN Herbert posed the question that haunted the whole affair, how did Ann Spiller explain away her wealth?

"To her close friends (including Miss Shaffer) she indicated her parents were wealthy," he told the magazine. "Now is a common knowledge that they are not, yet this story the bank accepted. To her parents the great another story, that she had made money on the stock market. It's incredible that in a community of this size, these stories should have been accepted, that they were."

It isn't as incredible as it at first. Fortune is not a poor topic. At least two stories about Rosalind Carter. Many people have done well on the stock market, mostly in the booming days of local times.

Ann Spiller says she told told friends Shaffer that her parents were wealthy. She explained her own's sudden flood of riches by saying she had had done in Detroit and left a million dollars to be shared between her, her sister and brother. Anyone who wanted to share with her, she said, could take a share. She said she was a member of the staff running in the organization that employed her. It

to the office each day was told the other half. Most in the office heard one or the other. As one of them says, "No one ever questioned the reference story — the idea of money she spent was too preposterous for any other explanation."

And besides, as Fred Herbert says, "who looks like a girl in the street?"

THE TRAIL LAYED OUT HERE AND SEVEN MONTHS. With a final flourish — "No sense in me, the equivalent of the life of hell and heaven she has lived these past years!" — Fred Herbert ended his case. The magazine reminded Ann Spiller on but for a week while he thought of a suitable penalty.

By that week Bomba Shaffer and Ann were both living with Ann's parents in their rambling house three miles outside Port Huron. Bomba, too, was visiting and she was also charged with them, through an attorney Frank Christman, said, "She should get out to a credible publicity, and not just to charged. She believed Mrs. Spiller's story."

The day before she was to be sentenced Ann visited Esther Whitaker. "Why?" asked Esther. "Why?" asked Esther. "Why does anyone do anything?" I don't know. I think it was an excuse. Maybe it's like a man who tries to commit suicide. He wants help and he wants to be helped and he always wants sympathy. He doesn't get out of it, and in the end he despises himself."

Three years.

THREE WEEKS LATER the BC Attorney General's department launched an action in the Appeal Court asking that the sentence be increased. As I write neither the case nor Mrs. Spiller's has been resolved. Fred Herbert says the bank will be able to recover about half the money Ann Spiller stole. Some of it will come from people to whom she gave cars and gifts and who have agreed either to pay for them or return them. Except Gary Lane. He says, "The Minister told me it was a question of my conscience. Will, to tell with the Royal Bank."

There is, however, one of Ann's expenditures they will have little difficulty restoring. With one of her old cheques she bought 50 shares of Royal Bank of Canada stock. It caused her a letter of commendation from head office. She said it was due to a member of the staff running in the organization that employed her. It



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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN

ALCOHOLIC

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Here's what computers are discovering about the causes of alcoholism

Every two weeks, 32 alcoholics are admitted to a three-story, no-nonsense building on the banks of the muddy Don River in Toronto's east end. They know, obviously, as the Medical Unit of the Alcoholism and Drug Research Foundation.

In the following two weeks, the patients will answer thousands of questions about their childhood, marriage, religious attitudes, eating habits and social life. And the most sophisticated medical gadgetry and laboratory tests will examine every inch of their bodies externally and internally.

The end is trying to answer an old question: "What makes a man become an alcoholic?" But the way it's going about it is new. It's known as the epidemiological approach.

The idea is to compare groups of people with a known condition — in this case alcoholism — with the general population and find out how they differ. Hopefully, if you find enough data into a computer, one will come up with significant relationships that provide clues to the causes of compulsive drinking.

Since the unit was established 18 months ago, Dr. J. S. Gies and his staff have "processed" some 500 alcoholic men and women. The staff includes doctors and clinicians, radiologists and statisticians. Ultimately, they hope to examine several thousand alcoholics.

A number of "interesting" relationships have been spotted:
□ The month of the alcoholic is all lower than that of the average person. Dennis Murray Cornish found a particular type of procreancy in the alcoholic: the first to often as it's observed in menarche. Alcoholics have lower cavities, but more of them — 80 percent — have some obvious mouth holes, such as tooth grinding, nail biting or teeth clenching.

□ The alcoholic never has a migraine attack until after a Maquis barbecue. He is also more likely to have diabetes than the average person, but is far less likely to be overweight. He is more prone to epilepsy, cancer of the breast, leukemia, liver cirrhosis. He dies 10 years sooner than the average person.

□ Alcoholism appears to be passed on from parent to child, in some degree. One in five of the patients had either a father or mother who died of alcoholism.

One researcher observes, "The son of an alcoholic tends to become an alcoholic. The daughter tends to marry one."

□ Poor nutrition or food allergy may be a causal factor in alcoholism. The Medical Unit has yet to tabulate its information relating to diet, but Dr. U. D. Reutter, a California biochemist, has demonstrated that rats fed on a strange diet drink twice as much alcohol as those that are well fed. If sperm and coffee (or coffee) are added to the schizophrenia diet, the animals will drink four times as much as a properly fed group. At the Keele Institute in Dingle, 10 years, the Herbert Katsuda has found 412 alcoholics, measuring their reactions to such foods as grapes, apples, beets, corn, hays and pomegranates. "Our experiments," he says, "have led us to support the belief that there is a demonstrable relationship between alcoholism and food allergy." Katsuda feels that the computer thinking of alcoholism after the 1964 data is comparable to the thinking of buy lower values after contact with poles.

□ A significant proportion of alcoholics seem to be potential smokers. One in 10 patients at the Medical Unit have spoken of coming away with themselves when McMillan, Angus, clergymen referred to the word, "smoke." Many seem to have a drink with them. Talking about that they're going to quit their habit and die if they keep drinking is no threat. Patients with other forms of illness seem to be more interested in living. This death wish theory also suggests from Dr. M. M. Galt, a British authority on alcoholism. Reporting on his study of 73 alcoholics, he says that most of them, as we now were concerned that they would be better off dead. A third of them had definite thoughts of suicide a quarter of them had actually attempted it.

□ It is expected that the Medical Unit's computer will shed some light on the recent observation that there is a close link between alcoholism and schizophrenia and that in many cases the alcoholic's drinking is motivated by a desire to escape intensive hallucinations.

□ Drinking is quite likely to worsen the alcoholic's tendency to depression. "The way a Medical Unit spokesman is perceived and demonstrates the alcoholic's inner self people. We would like to know why."

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

FEBRUARY, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 2

MOVIES



Fanny and the Artful Dodger in Oliver!—last of the new batch

A middle-aged look at those "new" musicals

AMUSED by things in *Oliver* and *Groovy*, I have devised the Edmonds Law of Cyclic Continuity, which says that the popularity of any film or stage show is directly proportional to the square of elapsed time since its last appearance. More simply: every dog has his day, and if he lives long enough he may even have two of them.

The law does two things of immediate interest. First, it proves that in 1971, between September 2, 1, and August 27 and midday September 2, I, Alvin Edmonds, today's most hopelessly unapologetic snob, will be the Swagbagging, Grooviest, Most Tremendously famous being in the entire world!

Second, it explains why *The Musical Movie* is now back in business—and will be until March 14, 1971 (or thereabouts).

The secret of Cyclic Continuity is simply that a new generation picks up where an earlier one left off: there was a violent New Wave in the '60s too, Musicals and dish-footed women's shoes, hair-on-the-floor gear shifts and towel houses aren't new, they're just old that way. Now is there anything particularly new about the New Musical movies, it's just that in the '60s Hardy Luzzatt had to run from back to back

when the sparsed naked, while today's moral climate lets girl and cinema finger awhile.

Presumably, therefore, there's nothing much new about *Oliver!* and *Fanny Girl* and *Just a Fool's Paradise* and *The Night They Rained Music* and the other new musicals. A scene from *Fanny Girl* is both archetypal, and comfortably familiar.

Fanny Brice (Barbra Streisand), only docking from Manhattan's Edna-movie where everyone talks in endlessly inverted sentences to prove they're Jewish, lurches against a lamp-post, ecstatic at being a Flo Ziegfeld (Walter Pidgeon) ME voiced by gambler Nick Arceneo (Oscar Stroll). He under, she sings—and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra hoots in from around the corner.

The required suspension of disbelief is no less for Barbra Streisand than it was for Nelson Eddy, singing *Indian Love Call* to Jeanette MacDonald with an accompaniment of cellos and 100-odd choir boys in the middle of a canoe ride across Lake Superior.

Of the three most noticeable new musicals, *Fanny Girl* and *Just a Fool's Paradise* are the film stories of musical stars. *Fanny Girl* and *Groovy* are Lawrence respectively. In *Just a Fool's Paradise*, not quite as jolly-holier-than-thou, seems indicated by the shadow, at legend, of the real Gene Lawrence. *Just a Fool's Paradise* is more successful in *Fanny Girl* she has a lot of the music the real *Fanny Brice* must have had, and it shows. Thus *Fanny Girl* is at times marvellously moving, and altogether more successful than *Just a Fool's Paradise* in how to long.

The third of the most noticeable musicals is *Oliver!* It is also the best, largely because veteran director Carol Reed displays continuous professionalism in telling modern techniques of movie-making serve the story, not interrupt it.

There is one genre of musical that defies the Edmonds Law because it is one of a kind and carries a place in history all its own. *Mary Poppins* was one such, and a gem-dust called Albert J. Broccoli has tried to repeat Poppins by duplicating the comic (Dick Van Dyke, noisette and all)

and telling it *Cherry Cherry Bang Bang* like a bossy cook. Anytime older than 11 will find it undignified.

Otherwise, most of the new-old musicals are as good as dead in gay and as merely escapist as their ancestors. To talk with musicals, *Oliver!* and *The Way It Is* is. If you share the growing belief that the middle class of the Affluent Society is a team of people for whom pleasure and purpose no longer exist, then go bury your head in the cinematic sand of a few musicals before they go out of fashion again.

ALAN EDMONDS

STYLE

OK, slob: it's time somebody put the boots to you

THERE ARE TWO KINDS of men. Those I admire, and those who were terrible-looking once. Any man who doesn't care about how he's shod—probably doesn't care about himself and then, say hell, how can he be a gentleman? For the foot-pushing female, it's positively degrading to see a well-dressed chap wearing a broken-down pair of loafers, or fancy, brown, lace-up shoes spotted with mud. Even worse than that is the pointed-shoe syndrome. It wasn't until I went to a boxing match recently that I realized how many men are still sporting plainly shoes, demonstrating that they are only up to about 1954 in foot gear.

And with all the pressure being put on men to adopt hip male plumage, nobody talks much about the appropriate shoes. Herewith a few points and prejudices.

□ Lace-up shoes on the whole are pretty boring. They do little to make any man's feet look attractive, and they're completely out of place with any of the new clothes. Those who insist on lace-ups should at least select

show with a hard one, it is 1930. They go with chab-grape suits and have a real flair about them.

□ **Morry Schwartz**, who runs a high-fashion shoe salon in Toronto called David's says: "The conservative man should dress most of the time as if he were winning five years out of 10 should have more class than he's ever had before." Yes, a shoe wardrobe, not just a pair for work and a pair for sleeping around.

□ With trousers that have the slightest hint to them, boots are mandatory. Most of them are fairly disgust, and semi-purplish boots with square toes like those of Puritan shoes are quite startling. Most young men in Montreal are wearing them and the style is spreading across the country.

□ You may think this sounds silly, but heels look very sexy. The mod-fied-cowboy look with jeans or belted corduroys runs the bottom, so ladies, the flights and a extremely appealing. But no hell should be so high as to give a wobbly appearance.

Today's male look has to be pulled from the floor up. If there's anything foot-gear females like, it's armpits. Armpits. A good-looking pair of boots certainly helps.

MANITOUR BROWN

BOOKS

Political drama you'll never see on the old boob tube

When was the federal cabinet nervous about launching a campaign to get Prime Robert Trudeau in the prime minister's office before Trudeau himself was not to be heard from in the PM's office? The prime minister was in Canada's next prime minister in the past immediately before Trudeau decided to run? The MP who turned the federal Liberal party of Quebec into a hardening pit for Trudeau's leadership campaign?

(Answers: Jean Lapierre, Jean Marchand; Jean-Pierre Goy; Jean-Pierre Goy.)

If you scored so substantiating three out of three, you're reading now; you're not without representative who needs neither the proposition I advance nor the books I commend. If you wavered even fractionally, consider their all

the events in my quiet happened inside the last 15 months, and all were part of the most-filled-about and most-derided leadership contest we ever had.

So the real question I raise is how much information is communicated in these two books. The answer is: a lot. And the proposition I advance is that the journalist of the printed word has become an indispensable complement to political events going for the TV camera, which moments and involves but also creates an appetite for the flavor and substance of the event that a camera cannot.

Remember, for 10 months we had an electronic circus of politics — Deschamps fell and Stedfast emerged, Pearson resigned, Trudeau won the Liberal leadership and then an electoral majority — all in front of the camera. Yet, when you read the two books and connections about the events of the period that read the quarter million words of Peter G. Newman's *The Descent of Our Times* (Harvard, November), you're told how little you were told in all that ripening TV excitement.

Perhaps that is why Newman's work ran through the printings, selling 60,000 copies in its first six weeks; and why its publication was followed by a rash of similar topical books. Though too heavily to satisfy some of their schools (Dillon Cato awarded them and said: "Thank God for the historian. The best is yet to come") few of us will wait for history.

Martin Sullivan, who is a staff writer for *The Montreal Star*, will work the new edition of Trudeau: the vintage point of Quebec politics, which gives his *Manitou 98* a special emphasis, suggested by one of his chapter headings: *A Few Personalities*. These are the men who organized Trudeau's new campaign: Marchand, Genet, Pelletier, Lalonde (the Dalton Cato of Trudeau's campaign) and Goy. Without these Trudeau would not be PM, the Liberal leader, the man who made the party and the country what we know today and perhaps still stop young book readers. Compared with the vintage Canadian crisis, Alex Berman is an Einstein of intellect and De Meuse a Churchillian wit.

I wish at this stage that I could even glimpse to the defense of my preferences. But unfortunately, after leaving myself to read some 60 TV columns culled from four major central outside Toronto, I feel like having my head in a stone. That CBC has been so much in the spotlight with the CBC and

As Sullivan tells it: "Trudeau is charged: 'Well, he said, 'I suppose everyone has his problems.' The novel round with laughter. The book had been defeat."

Don Peacock, former parliamentarian reporter and special assistant to Prime Minister Pearson, wrote speeches for Trudeau during the leadership campaign. Sullivan suggests this could be a more-judging experience (the book was highly successful). In my review of Peacock with a footnote for speech-writing that occasionally shows his otherwise lively account of the unreported action behind the Trudeau line. You should read him. Sullivan, too. Switch off that set and read them both. *Manitou 98* by Martin Sullivan (Doubleday, \$7.95). *Journey to Power* by Don Peacock (Ryerson, hardcover, \$6.50; paperback, \$2.95). **PHILIP JAMES**

TELEVISION

How to get better TV: get better TV critics

AT A CBC reception recently a TV program chief who normally holds the press at bay with rigid politeness was the double game down the road toward being his own. After his author's review of the program on a model stage, he took his audience to the studio and addressed me with great feeling. His speech went something like this:

"You know-I told Toronto critics give me a prize in the postcard, postcard away as if this were the only one in the land. Why don't you go away and read what TV reviewers at the rest of the country are backing out and then perhaps you'll stop young book readers. Compared with the vintage Canadian crisis, Alex Berman is an Einstein of intellect and De Meuse a Churchillian wit."

I wish at this stage that I could even glimpse to the defense of my preferences. But unfortunately, after leaving myself to read some 60 TV columns culled from four major central outside Toronto, I feel like having my head in a stone. That CBC has been so much in the spotlight with the CBC and

CTV networks sometimes seem to treat the Canadian public with contempt, it's small wonder. The critical feedback that flows in from the daily press, generally critical of professional platitudes (coined) in the style of English that caused the grammatical preface (fence).

For instance, when the readers of last week's *Plains* daily turned to their local TV columns a month or so ago, they found news of insight such as these: "Wynne and Shuster appeared on their first comedy special of the season and were predictably entertaining." "Maurice proved to be the fastest show on town since nobody has put down the bad guy whilst in a straw jacket." "Larry Levin has improved with age — he's the wildest animal you ever did see, although I still find him a little bit funny."

Such rapid-weekly level of comment is not exceptional, it's the rule.

The majority of Canada's 100-odd daily newspapers don't carry any local TV criticism at all. Most of them fill up the space around the program lists with syndicated criticism from U.S. wire services — in fact, criticism on the part of the press that our culture is indeed dominated by the United States. The remaining newspapers, those with some pretensions to responsibility, tend to employ critics that fall into three broad categories.

First there's the parent critic. He speaks the first half of his columns reporting in tedious detail something that happened on a certain program — sometimes in the spirit of describing everything Flaubert wrote and describing an entire 10-episode Carol Burnett sketch — and then fills up the second half with a list of upcoming shows. Then there's the tame-dropper, the reviewer who does not even remember with first-rate job when his good, gray column is liberally sprinkled with black. Finally, there's the critic who plays the ratings game. His concept of criticism is to say how good or bad a program was but to report on how many people allegedly watched it. What all these critics fail to give is what readers want and need: good — useful, significant opinion about what was on the air.

Once again, once more, that an age that has no criticism is either an age in which art is impossible or an age that possesses no art at all. I think that one reason why the television arts are at such a low state in Canada is the poverty of TV criticism here. The wives of the few critics who do take a peek in their staff — Vancouver's Les Williams, Calgary's Bob Stolt,

Montreal's Bernard Dubé, among others — are hardly to be heard against the roar of gossip, news and outdated news that passes for criticism in the back of our newspapers.

It is perhaps of some significance that by far the most interesting TV column I saw across in my research was printed in the *Calgary Herald*. It was an insightful analysis of Negro acting abilities and was written not by a critic but by a reader. The *Alberta* has brilliantly solved its criticism problem by inviting interested subscribers to contribute TV reviews four days a week. The result is that the content at least comes from real somebody who can write.

— GREGG MARSHALL



The thorns and brambles in those halls of ivy

IT TAKES me that a son could shoot his father by asking him about his birds and hen or inquiring "What did you do in the war?" Now the war question is passé, and the book is attacking the six bastions themselves, but their criticism can be even more interesting than over "What did you do in the war, daddy?" I mean, how do you tell an adoring 10-year-old that your father was called *Water* (contraction of *watermark*)?

The array of generally useful to PHD has made it very difficult for some one ignorant with suitable subjects for three. Since the ground has been covered by a long vanguard, no second one's best are so less to be picked — or, rather, "no-valued," or "unpraised."

It was while doing research at the University of Toronto library that I stumbled on the book that runs the rule of three: *The Politics of the Canadian Candidate* by David S. Reisman. I had looked at this work serious, more unbelievable than the one before.

It may well be that this century's greatest thoughts reside in *The Office of a number of preliminary trials on evidence in education and spontaneous recovery in the treatment of unconscious patients*, probably the most important and a comparison of two different procedures. And, on the other hand, they may not. In which case, your choice for coffee-table display might be a copy of *An analytical study of the written word*, some stage of selected *philosophical papers*.

Some topics are absolutely never covered in well as they deserve. *On the History of the human* is a reprint of an example of such evidence.

An entire book of the most interesting side one scholar was his open for *Taming polyhedra in the ritual range* No Kibana's hunter he, but a mathematician. Another side myth, not usually with *Deputy of the Hesperian* for *selected papers*.

There is no apparent lack to the range of these topics: a study of *Somebody (Shower of Miracles)*, a philosophical re-examination of the book *The concept of necessity*, some playing around with *supernatural phenomena* (An experimental investigation of the halo effect), *Indian and western* (*The effects of education upon the pattern of social behavior in the male guinea pig, *Neotoma maculosa**), some *epistemology* (*Epistemology relating to the history of science, from 1900*), and a good many *unintelligent questions* (*Private culture and public culture*, *Paraphrase of a reading in a New York*, *Deputy of the Hesperian*, and *The adaptation of class plane methods in and in the U.S. of A. for use in the Egyptian educational system*), finally an *ancient and arid delinquency* (a comparative analysis of two forms of *ancient delinquency in the history of the public speaking of foreign service administrators*).

In some instances, it's hard to be too critical. The author's studies provide academic responsibility for some pretty solid goings-on, for instance. *The development of a test to measure the ability of students to apply principles of biology*. ("I mean, how do you tell an adoring 10-year-old that your father was called *Water* (contraction of *watermark*)?")

My own favorites are *U.S. Civil administration of the Ryukyu Islands, 1950-1960*, and *The nuclear defense rule of three*, which is the *politics of the Canadian candidate*. These two merit not the PHD so much as the Purple Heart and retirement on full pension. **KARLTON CROFTON**

CHECKLISTINGS

BOOKS

♦ **The Arms of Krupp** by William Manchester (Little, Brown, \$15.00). Until it was converted to a public company a couple of years ago, the Krupp families empire, which supplied the metals for the armors of the Kaiser and Hitler, was probably the biggest family enterprise in the world — bigger even than Eaton's. Fortunately, the family's bizarre history is fascinating enough to withstand the usual "William Manchester's grotesque, overblown style." ♦ **Verdict** by John Keble and Dean Walker (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95). The assassination of 11 Canadian truckers, most of them held in the 1960s, doesn't provide any new insights into the quality of Canadian justice. But it does offer a fairly diverting if superficial look at the consequences of greed, loss and fanaticism, Canadian style. Five of the trials involve murder, two insanity, two corrupt lawyers, Wisconsin and Doubtful, one is about Corey D'Ar's will and one about Hal Zantz.

♦ **The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell** edited by Ian Angus, John Leach (Bantam and Warburg, 4 volumes, \$40). Orwell specified in his will that no biography was ever to be written of him. It's hardly necessary to write one now. His monumental collection (7,044 pages) of his public and private writing, covering the three decades between 1920 and 1950, provides a remarkable self-portrait. The collection proves that Orwell was a lucid, penetrating social critic whose observations are still astoundingly relevant.

♦ **Time Inc. Vol. 1, 1923-1941** by Robert T. Elton (McClintock and Stewart, \$12). Company histories tend to be snazzy and overstated, but here's an exception. When William Louis Clemens died in 1944, he left behind a staff writer Robert Elton to tell it like it was. Elton obviously had access to all the files, and in bringing his gossipy tale of Time and its progeny up to Paul Burke, he is remarkably objective, occasionally irrelevant, unblinkingly interesting.

MOVIES

♦ **Candy**: How did it happen? The celebrated novel of the 1950s was a funny sex satire that the liberalized movies of the 1960s should have been

up to — but, but, but. There are a few amazing gaps left, but for the most part, Candy has been turned into a screaming drug Newcomer Eva Aulin plays the girl who wants to give, and James Coburn, Martin Brestle and Raige Starr are taking the need who take.

♦ **The Flamingo** (below, left) is at his best as a smug-assed Jew in Chaim Kagan, fairly accused of



murder, and his performance goes into way toward making up for what is wrong (and almost everything else is) with the way director John Frankenheimer has staged the prize-winning novel by Bernard Malamud.

♦ **Yellow Submarine**: The Beatles are the cartoon heroes of this wonderfully inventive, free-association nonsense fantasy about Pepperland under the tyranny of the Blue Meanies. The pop art is bright, the dialogue is witty, and the music (seven six Beatles songs and three new ones) is a delight. In sum, the most impressively entertaining movie of the season.

♦ **Parrot Director John Cassavetes** has startled audiences with what looks like a new kind of American cinema. Like some of the avant-garde theatrical experiments, it owes something to improvisation and psychodrama. Stripping away the masks of a roaring teenage id, contemporary, middle-aged California is what's about. Not far every tale.

♦ **Chicago**: Cliff Robertson plays a morally stunted man who tries harder and Claire Bloom plays his sweet, sincere, encouraging teacher at night school — and what do you know? He becomes a genius and they fall in love. It's as naive as it sounds, but in the United States this "little movie" has been enormously popular. ♦ **The Lion in Winter**: James Goldsmith plays about the family fun and

passion involved in determining the heir to the throne of 12th-century England has been turned into a costume drama. The results are amusing but not entirely satisfactory. Peter O'Toole has a fine literary line as Henry II, but Katharine Hepburn, who has rejected Gaius, Eleanor, into an embarrassing figure of self-pity.

RECORDS

♦ **Schizophonia-Rock**: To close the gap between disco and rock comes an answering, electronic version of favorite tunes by Johann Sebastian Bach. Performed as a music synthesizer developed by Robert Moog, the music shatters the sound barrier of traditional instruments and sounds like Bach on LSD. (Columbia)

♦ **Songs of Theodorakis**: According to press reports, Miles Theodorakis, composer of Zorba the Greek and various folk-song, anti-political songs, has recently been condemned, imprisoned, tortured (hands broken) and so on. But from listening to RCA Victor's release of movie star Irene Papas singing his ballads, you might wonder how the colonists could ever be so sorry, for the mad-on-USA disc carefully excludes the radical leftist items.

♦ **Verdi's Otello**: Here are excerpts from the legendary production of the last 20s at the Metropolitan Opera, starring Giovanni Martinelli and conducted by Wilfrid Frenkel, a Canadian contribution to the golden age of opera. Martelli's duets with soprano Martineau deserve such praise as cinema tunes, less blaring and somewhat slower than latter-day Otellos such as Vivaldi, old Moscow and Victoria. The dark and heavy legs of Lawrence Tibbett in another bottom in the low-priced RCA Candelas disc which has — naturally — not been electronically reconstructed for stereo.

♦ **Back Here on Earth**: In fact, his fourth album, Gordon Lightfoot returns to a fairly rooted with a simple two-part and bass accompaniment and offers 11 new compositions. There is still some country in his songs, and a swelling feeling in his work, but his images have progressed to the problems and life of the urban man. Lightfoot's voice is strong and warm, and he uses it to advantage in creating a mood, suffering sometimes only from monotony. (United Artists)

♦ **Crown of Creation** (Bellaphone Airplay): George Sheik will fill high as vocalist but the rest of the Airplay ought to be grounded, by now they're fogged in with no sense of direction. (RCA Victor)



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